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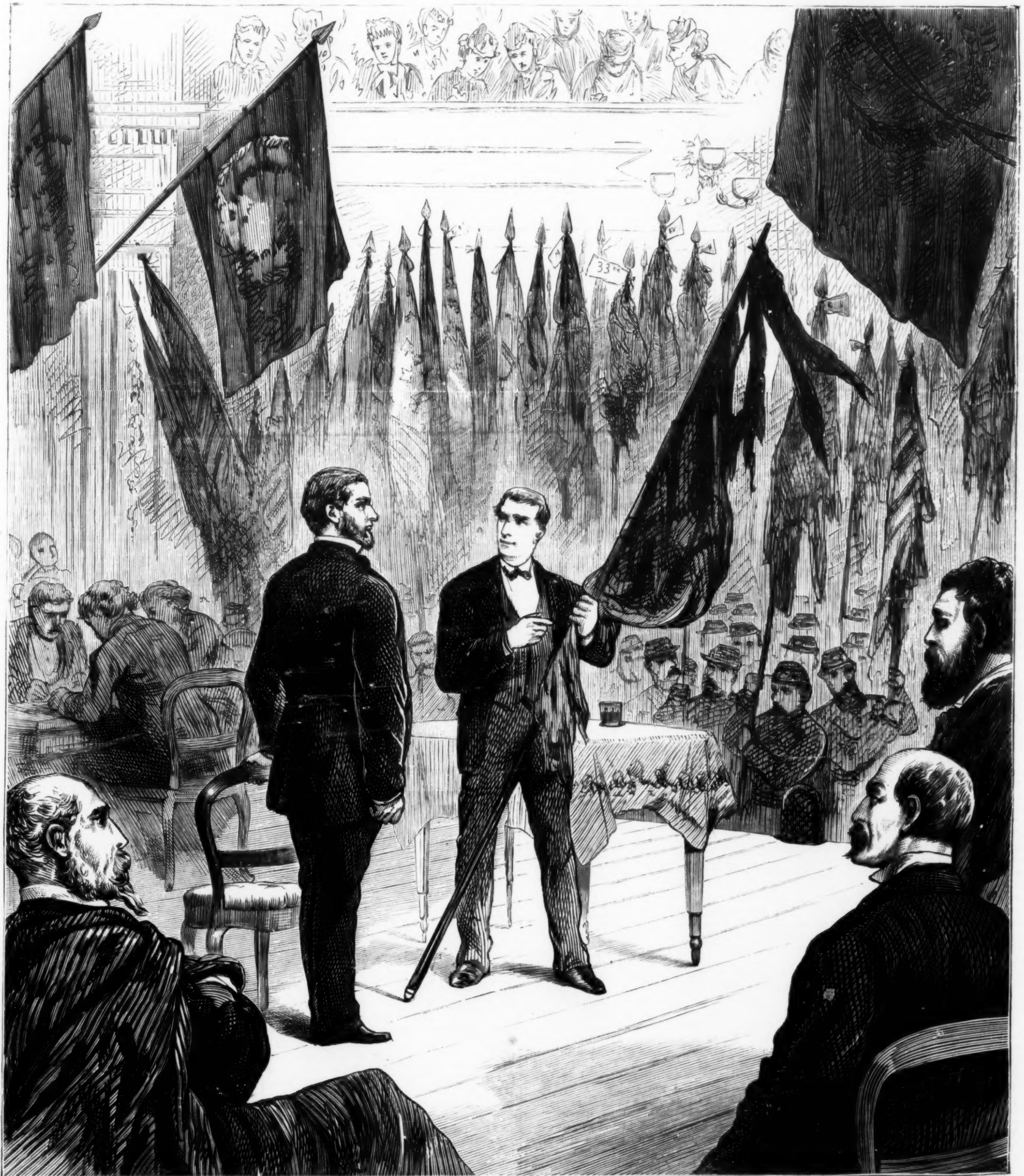
## NEWSPAPER

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NEW JERSEY.—PRESENTATION OF THE BATTLE COLORS OF THE VOLUNTEERS TO THE STATE, AT TAYLOR'S OPERA HOUSE, TRENTON.  
DRAWN BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 21.

With this Number is Presented, gratuitously, a Four-Page Supplement, containing Scenes and Incidents of the Inauguration.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1873.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

With this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is issued a FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, in which the scenes and incidents of the Inauguration of President Grant are truthfully sketched and described. This feature will be hereafter maintained.—On all important occasions we shall issue an Extra, and also present a Supplement to our readers.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

WE observe (and record the facts about it elsewhere) that another Labor Strike is imminent in New York. In our Editorial Mention some pregnant facts are collated in regard to the prolonged Strikes of last year.

We make no apology for renewing this topic. It is the subject of the hour. In somewhat extended comments last week, to say the very least, we did broad justice, in plain words, to the sentimental side (and in sympathy with the Workingman) of the Labor Question. We have no desire to recall a single sentiment or fact then stated or expressed by us. But we wish, at this time, to caution the Workingman, so far as our influence can do so, on some vital points.

We do not think that Foreign influences and combinations help the American Laborer. The spirit breathed from Communes and the magnetism of the Internationale—considered in an unmodified and unexceptional sense—are so much poison to the interests of the American Laborer. The Radical Demagogues who would use Labor as an instrument of mischief, are simply Vagabonds of the first degree. They are Social Monsters and Incendiaries. They are the very Hyenas of Unrest, who, themselves, outlaws from Society, can only hope for life and recognition in the storms of perilous Agitation. They howl over Prosperity and Peace, as if the enjoyment of these blessings were not all that Humanity can justly expect in this world of trial and probation. They are Agrarians in creed, and Madmen or Felons.

We admit, in this censure, how much the Workingman, under a despotism, has to complain of, when compared with the Laborer protected by our Institutions. True, the former groans under monarchy and downright oppression. In fact, he is the victim of traditions and privilege, which have nearly reduced him to the condition of a brute in the social scale. But, who are his friends? Certainly his friends are not to be found among the lazy and worthless Demagogues of Society, who finally deliver him over to be shot like a dog, after he has plunged waist-deep in such excesses as disgraced Paris during the last revolution, and which separated the sympathies of good men as widely from him and his cause as are the extremes of Right and Wrong.

The American Laborer is idiosyncratic. He has a right to be—he should be—a political power; but he must establish his claims for Reform—(1) On the justice of his cause, which must be maintained by fact and reason; not by clamor and threats. (2) He must comprehend the true American Theory, and act on it, which is, "Error is harmless while Truth is left free to combat it." Therefore, the American Laborer, if he would influence Public Sentiment, must first be right; next, persevering; and, finally, firm and temperate. He must exactly see his wrongs. He must not loosely complain of that Inequality which is created by the luck or gains of speculation; or by the employment of superior industry and capability to the accident of that Opportunity which happens for fortune to most men, and which while some seize, others neglect. The American Laborer, in other words, must comprehend that here is absolute Freedom, and that Competition has a perfect right to all that it honestly can win in the battle of life.

Therefore, American Labor must organize on Right. And then it must rely wholly on Leaders who legitimately spring out of its own ranks, and who are bound thus in exclusive sympathy with it. It has no more to do with entangling alliances beyond the ocean than to express for such the American sympathy which is uttered for the struggling and oppressed of all conditions of men.

The American Laborer, however, has a right to Equal Laws and Rights and Privileges with all other men. Government cannot here, legitimately, discriminate against him. He may therefore justly protest against all legislation and combinations whose drift is to cripple Competition by partial grants to Privi-

lege; to chain him to the earth with iron, while it gives to other classes power and freedom. In this fight against Rings, Railroad Encroachments and iniquitous Subsidies, such as have despoiled the Public Domain, we cheerfully take rank with the American Laborer. On this ground we can fight successfully. And this ground we must maintain—for precisely here is the chasm which separates American Freedom from Foreign Despotism. We cannot yield this position—of Equal Rights for all—and maintain American Institutions for a single moment.

And we have now arrived to this point of conflict. The legislation of Congress and of the States has brought us to this battle-ground. This Special Legislation rushes, fast as the wings of the tempest, to Imperialism, Privilege, Class Legislation and Despotism. This must be checked. These Rings must be routed. All must have fair play on American soil.

Let the Labor Organizations work temperately on our Platform, and they must win. First, exactly comprehend your problem. State it point by point—as our Fathers stated their wrongs in the Declaration of Independence; and then, throwing overboard the worthless lazzaroni of would-be leaders, advance under the temperate guidance of a true Son of Labor. And so will the Right win. The pen—remember—is mightier than the sword.

SAMANA BAY.

THE New York Herald of March 3d gives us a very long and pleasant sketch, from its reporter, of a part of Santo Domingo. And we much prefer to trust this reporter than to pin our faith on "books" on the subject. As soon as the reporter landed, he was officially informed that "the people of Samana had ratified the Samana purchase!" He then proceeded, among half-clad negroes and surroundings of oranges and palms, and cocoanuts and papaws, and through morasses of red mud, and between yoked bulls and ragged soldiers, to the red-roofed town of Porto Plata, where he found much tobacco ready to be exported. Here he saw a few Germans and Englishmen, and one Yankee, and a population of the Spanish Dominican type, in which there is a large dash of the full-blooded negro.

They told him at this point that suffrage in the Island is a mere sham. The way their plebiscite was managed, says the waggy reporter, was thus: All in favor of the Government selling Samana come up and say so; and all opposed come up likewise, and say they are in favor of it, or take the consequences!—but of course this is a joke. The reporter saw here, in the old fort, which was manned by a battalion of vari-colored youths, a dark, filthy dungeon, where over thirty men were confined, piled on each other in a semi-nude state, where they all slept and ate in one horrible, loathsome cell.

From Porto Plata to Samana Bay, was a trip made between 5 p. m. and 7 the next morning. Here the growth was acres of sugar-cane and abundance of cocoa-trees, imbedded in soil "black as ink." From this grove of cocoanuts, the reporter "went to breakfast" at a farmhouse, at the hour of 11 a. m., where he had claret, sauterne and champagne—and lolled back under the shade of the capatree (February 10th), the thermometer at 80, among limes and oranges, and pears and bananas, and tamarinds and pomegranates.

Santa Barbara was next visited, where they were laying out the site of a hotel. Thence the reporter proceeded to Santo Domingo City, where he met a Catholic minister, who explained how the vote on the ratification of the transfer had been taken, which, according to his story, was free and fair. From this minister the following information was obtained. We quote from the Herald:

"Is there any understanding in this transaction that the Island is ultimately to come under the flag of the United States?"

"None whatever. From time to time many such enterprises as that at Samana have occupied our attention. There were the Land Improvement Company, the Geological Survey and Exploration Company, the Funkhausen Concession, and the French Mining Company of Santo Domingo. None of these are now in the field. The Samana Bay Company have substituted themselves for all, bought up all previous franchises and given us cash assurances, which we never got before, that they mean to carry out their contract."

Aside from the \$150,000 paid by the New York Company into its exchequer, the Treasury of the Dominican Government was below the capacity to start a corner grocery.

Of course only a glance could be taken by the reporter, who was forced to make up his notes in a few days, for the return of the Tybee. But he tells us enough, to see that the Americans are only the successors to other companies who have failed to make anything out of Samana, and that we must take, with great grains of allowance, indeed, the stories of travelers and interested publishers. Out of the line of direct trade, abounding in the tropical wealth of fruits, poetical in trees, waters, birds and azure skies; a first-class anchorage, a fertile soil; a shiftless, moneyless, thriftless people, disturbed by never-ending dissensions, having the right and power, when they will, to quarrel with settlers and drive them out—such is the real picture of the Fairyland. To us this Samana business presents some of the symptoms of John Law's West India French Fever, which bears date one century and a half back. And it is perfectly clear that—to do anything—the Samana Bay

Colonists must be annexed, or—what is the same thing—be allowed, with impunity, to use all the armed force necessary to reduce the inhabitants to absolute submission. In other words, the issue is Annexation or Filibustering.

AN UNDEVELOPED SOURCE OF WEALTH.

DR. GOUVERNEUR EMERSON, who had experimented largely with silkworms in 1835-40, writes (under date of March 3d) thus of our climate: "We possess in large portions of our country conditions of climate and soil equally well adapted to silk culture as those of China. To both countries dry climates are secured by their position on the eastern parts of continents. We therefore have in America a source of great national wealth undeveloped." Facts sustain this theory. Silk has been raised in nearly every State along our Atlantic coast, as also in several of the inland States.

The census for 1860 tells us that Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Georgia, have all, at some time, produced raw silk. Massachusetts, in 1848, produced 4,400 pounds. Connecticut, 900, New York, 259, Pennsylvania, 163, Virginia, 225, and Georgia, in colonial times, sent 12,000 pounds annually to England for eight or more consecutive years. In 1870, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri each reported some raw silk to the census agent, and formerly Ohio had reported 7,394 pounds, and Illinois 1,545. These amounts, it is true, are trifling in comparison with the large productions of China, Japan, France, and other silk-growing countries, but they are sufficient to show that silk can be produced over the whole extent of our country. They are sufficient to demonstrate the error of those who think that no climate but that of China or of France is adapted to the silkworm. The presence of these small quantities is proof that climate or soil are not obstacles to further production.

The silk produced here has been pronounced better than European or Chinese silk. William Kenrick writes as follows, at page 150 of his "Silk-grower's Guide": "The silk of America is said to contain a fibre stronger and of a quality superior to that of almost any other country. This appears to be a point which has been established by incontrovertible evidence, specimens having been examined by the Chamber of Commerce at Lyons at a very recent date. Other intelligent Frenchmen, both here and in France, had before examined, compared, and attested to the truth of this. The cause of the superiority may be traced to the soil, or, as is more probable, to our fine and serene climate during Summer." Mr. Kenrick wrote for the climate and latitude of Massachusetts. A letter from one of the most prominent silk manufacturers of Paterson, N. J., says that "as late as 1844 our largest purchases of American silk we bought from the Dutch farmers of Lancaster County, and I always had a favorable impression of Pennsylvania for silk."

It has been handed down to us from colonial times through the writers on silk culture, that, "in 1770, Mrs. Susanna Wright, at Columbia, Lancaster County, made a work of silk, sixty yards in length, from her own cocoons, afterward worn as a court dress by the Queen of Great Britain." And we learn (adds J. Clarke, from whose work the above is quoted) that many ladies before the Revolutionary War had silk dresses of their own fabrication." A gentleman of Lancaster City, writes thus in answer to inquiries about the silk culture in 1835-40: "Experience has proved that the worm is very healthy in this climate, and that the cocoons have generally been of a superior quality. The sewing-silk manufactured here was considered much superior to the foreign."

By the above digest a new source of American wealth is disclosed, scarcely inferior to that of silver, or gold, or cotton. For its re-alization, it simply requires honest (not speculative) enterprise, to steadily develop it—as coal, for example, is developed. Silk, clearly, may be made an American staple. We had our mulberry-tree folly half a century ago, when speculators made the thing absurd. It is now time to regard the practical case of silk-growing in this country. And we shall have much to say and to illustrate about it hereafter.

GENERAL GRANT'S INAUGURAL.

"A SHORT horse is soon curried." General Grant's Inaugural consists of unjoined parts, which may be classified as Philosophical, Practical, and Egotistical. Philosophically, he says, the theories of government change with "progress." What does he mean? There are but two theories of government; and their extremes are typed in Absolutism and Democracy. How have "steam" and "electricity" changed those "theories"? Perhaps the President had reference here to his projected scheme of Internal Improvements—designed to make this nation one central whole, but which, for the present, Congress has failed to vote. Practically, the President backs clumsily out of the Santo Domingo Job, in which he was baffled. He says good things about coinage and universal education. He is utopian about the Indian.

He is just in regard to the Negro. He is wild in the conceit that mankind will finally all speak one language and be united under one Government. We hope he is sincere concerning Civil Service Reform. He is discreetly silent about the Louisiana Usurpation. Evidently he had a dream which was "all a dream," when he fancied everything rehabilitated in the South—for he says that such is the case!

Egotistically—the President complains that he has been slandered. He alleges that the Presidency has been forced upon him. How slandered? His military record has been universally praised. His past four years have been universally condemned by the Independent Press and sense of the nation, because these years were disfigured by every wrong which Senator Sumner presented against their record, in his famous indictment. Heaven knows we do not wish to revive the past. But the President forces the issue. Can General Grant deny either Nepotism or Gift-taking? or the waste, corruption and plundering of his Washington and Southern Rings? Can he wipe out the Crédit Mobilier? Will he deny the Louisiana Usurpation? How slandered? For the sake of History, we must preserve the record! How was the second term of the Presidency "forced" on General Grant? Pray, was it forced on him by the Pennsylvania frauds? By the Custom House outrages in New York? By the crimes committed on Suffrage in North Carolina? Was the Second Term forced on him by the one million and one-half majority of voters over all who went to the polls, who retired, last November, from the field, and thus left General Grant quiet possession of the ballot—not as elected, but as a military conqueror of the Right of Suffrage? We must be plain when we deal in facts. And are not these facts?

It is well to note that General Grant expresses a wish to retire at the end of this term. Time will verify the sincerity of this profession.

And now for the new slate. Let the Past die, except as a beacon-light. Let us begin again, and observe the President with hope and charity. Let us note first how far he separates himself from, or allies himself with, City and other Charters, through such links as Murphy and Casey. We will even waive Nepotism, and not complain if he shall retain all the Dents in office. Let us see how he will treat the whites in the South. Let us observe whether or not the Executive hand is seen in the primary meetings and political conventions of the future. Let us note whether such chiefs of mere Party, as Morton and Cameron, sway the Administration. Let us watch the Political Rings. The times are full of danger. If the President means well, the organization of the Liberal Opposition will cause him rather gratification than alarm. The masses must put themselves in position to see to it that the secret organization of an Administration army shall not find us helpless and unarmed in the next national election, and at the mercy of Rings and Ruffians.

CHEAP RAILROAD TRAINS.

MR. QUINCY, of Boston, is beginning a good work, viz.: to provide cheap railroad trains. Such trains (in England) are required to be run in and out of London. On the Great Eastern Railway, third-class weekly tickets for workmen are issued between Bishopgate and Enfield, a distance of about ten miles, for one shilling each. These trains stop at all the stations and make the trip in thirty-eight minutes. Workmen are permitted to carry tools, not exceeding twenty-eight pounds in weight, free of charge.

Such reforms as tend in this direction, are among the most important needs of the hour.

THE WORKINGMAN.

THE Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics makes a very interesting Report, which sums up (generally) as follows: The adult male Massachusetts mechanic earns on the average less than \$550 per year; the woman worker, less than half that amount. A sober, industrious workman with an ordinary family may be able to lay by in the savings bank \$50 a year. But the number of those who actually thus accumulate for many years is not large. Within the last three years the number of withdrawals from savings banks nearly equals that of the depositors. This means that sickness and pinching poverty call out the reserve that was intended for old age. The great proportion of the money left in savings banks is deposited there to avoid taxation, and is not in any ordinary sense the savings of the laboring classes. One of the most remarkable facts as to savings banks is that the depositors of the native laboring classes are principally unmarried men, the instances being apparently rare where married men, with increasing families, save anything.

That the condition of the workingman has been improving slightly year by year, and that it is far better in Massachusetts than anywhere in Europe, we usually take for granted. But really there is no amelioration to speak of with very great satisfaction; while, on the average, for a family of more than five persons there is annually expended, for the cost of living, a total of not less than \$700 per annum. The details of this expenditure are curious



There is more paid for newspapers and literature by these people than there is for light, or for society, or for charity; but twice as much is paid out for sickness, and more than that for recreation and travel. Vegetables cost nearly twice as much as religion; furniture, more than double education.

We look to Massachusetts with just pride and confidence as the Pioneer in the work of Labor Reform, to which we shall dedicate all, from time to time, the space that we can afford. Looking over, and reasoning from, these Massachusetts statistics, we cannot but conclude that the greatest help for the laborer will come (1) from Compulsory Education; (2) from the encouragement of Co-operative Stores, such as have been so successful in many parts of Europe.

#### A NOBLE CHARITY.

THERE is an Association recently organized in this city which is a gleam of heaven in our social and selfish night, where Rings and Oppressors of all sorts seem to prowl like so many cruel wolves. We allude to "The New York Diet Kitchen"—an institution which proposes to co-operate with the dispensaries of the city in the care of their sick poor, and especially to place at the disposal of their visiting physicians such articles of nourishment as they may require. To accomplish this, the Association proposes to establish in each of the existing dispensary districts one or more "Diet Kitchens," from which, on the requisition of the House and Visiting Physicians of the dispensaries, skillfully prepared food shall be issued, at such times and in such quantities as they may specify. Each Kitchen will be under the supervision of Directresses, appointed to this duty by the managers.

With such provision for the distribution of its charity, the Society hopes to reach all those dependent poor who are best entitled to sympathy and aid, and especially to succor those unfortunate children who, through the ignorance and poverty of their parents, for want of food, fall an easy prey to disease. It is designed to provide these invalid children with milk and whatever in their treatment the physician shall require for their restoration.

We are glad to observe so many of our prominent ladies as Officers and Managers of the Association, and to recognize many of our leading New York names among the Advisory Members. Our prominent physicians are also active in the work.

Such acts as these are fit things for Christian Associations to do. What a blessing it would be if a benevolent contagion like this were to spread, and create a Christian Vigilance Committee in every ward, to prevent crime, to relieve honest want, and so to cut short our rising crop of pauperism and crime, which springs from Neglect and Vice.

And while on this subject, we will detain the reader long enough to refer to the mooted question, as to whether it is the policy of the State to withhold all State aid from benevolent institutions? Why shall not the State delegate to corporations and individuals its rights, in order to do charity, as properly as it delegates them when it gives recovered lands to the riparian owner; or, as when it allows a private company to take land by appraisement from its owner, against his will if he refuses to sell it, when the possession of such is essential to a railroad?

We never could feel the force of unqualified clamor against Sectarian Appropriations when leveled at our above argument. The question of Charity is not a question of Sects. It is a question of Hunger and Thirst, of Disease, of Cold, of Nakedness. It is such help as the policy of a State should foster, in the efforts of private benevolence, when it asks to co-operate with the State in checking the growth of almshouses, and the numbers which fill prisons and reformatories; to do work also among the blind and the deaf and the dumb, through the medium of private associations. It is the policy of the State so to co-operate to prevent the increase of crime, which grows out of the degradation of imprisonment, the neglect of young vagabonds, and the desertion of the sick.

#### THE NEW JERSEY STRUGGLE.

NEW JERSEY has lost in her Railroad struggle. She has become annexed to Pennsylvania. Monopoly has triumphed. The wedding is consummated between Trenton and Harrisburg. The People's Railroad Bill has been defeated. The vote of the Senate stood 10 and 11.

The scene of confusion which followed the announcement of this result is ominous, as one of the pregnant signs of the times. Cries of "Fetch them out," "Lynch them," "Tar and feather them," "Go for Jarrard," were uttered in angry tones. The President ordered the galleries to be cleared, and this was done by the police, but not without great difficulty. The Senate soon after adjourned. The excitement throughout Trenton was so intense during the evening, that fears were entertained for the safety of the Senators.

Charges of bribery were made on all sides. It was alleged that thousands had been paid for a single vote. He who runs may read that the Railroad monopoly has become odious—and will not be much longer tolerated.

#### NEW YORK SAVINGS BANKS.

ACCORDING to Mr. Howell's Report made to the Legislature, there was on deposit in the Savings Banks of this State, on the 1st of January last, \$285,286,621, represented by 822,642 open accounts, which is an average deposit of \$346 to each individual, and represents nearly 20 per cent of the people of the State as having Savings Bank deposits. The total assets of these institutions amount to \$305,520,331, made up of bonds and mortgages, United States stocks, and bonds of New York towns and villages.

We trust that the Legislature, in view of this great and increasing interest, will prohibit the Savings Banks from becoming banks of discount, and from buying and selling paper, or dealing in exchange, or receiving business deposits, or paying large interest on deposits. We regard these institutions as the special wards of legislation; they hold the wages of the poor, and every safeguard should be thrown about the depositors.

THE California papers are discussing the question whether gold-mining pays. It has been asserted that while the gold product of 1872 was only \$20,000,000, there were 50,000 persons employed in the business, whose wages alone amounted to \$37,500,000. The incorrectness of these figures has been shown conclusively. There are not more than 30,000 men employed in gold-mining, of whom 18,000 are Chinese. At \$625 per year, which is a liberal average, the wages paid out would be eighteen and three-quarters millions of dollars, and would leave a million and one-quarter for other expenses. The profits of gold-mining, therefore, for 1872, were not great. Still it is true, as the *Alta California* points out, that but for the gold fever the Pacific Coast would never have been peopled as it has been.

[By a mistake in the composing room, Junius was improperly made to say, last week, that the U. S. Senate had ordered a new election in Louisiana. This error he desires to correct.]

#### LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NEW SERIES—No. XVII.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS—MR. BENJAMIN BUTLER.

WHEN Mr. Benjamin Butler raised his voice—as he did in the *Credit Mobilier* case—to revile the Independent Press of his country, he simply did a characteristic thing. Mr. Butler, naturally, is a pettifogger; a criminal-law pettifogger, sharp, cold, conscienceless, unscrupulous, and, in a certain sense, able. He is a self-made man withal, created by the resources of a mind which breeds tricks as spontaneously as venerable cheese gives life to what the old folks, and *bon-vivants*, call *skippers*.

Take away subtleties, sharpness, slyness, the faculty to surprise, the art of the sapper and miner, from him, and three-fourths of the munitions of war will be gone out of Mr. Benjamin Butler's magazine. He has confessedly intellect enough to near greatness. He has had opportunities enough to achieve greatness. But the low plane on which his brain works for ever keeps him among the groundlings. And yet, he seldom addresses himself to any question without hitting some point hard and sharply enough to make a sensation, even among good and thinking men.

Mr. Butler developed in the rupture of the Democratic Party at Charleston, when he adhered to the fortunes of Mr. Breckinridge, which act meant civil war, and which led to civil war. Then—Soldier of Fortune as he was and is—he attached himself to the loyal, because it was the stronger, side.

His only convictions lie in a determination to make himself successful if possible (by the employment of whatever means); and to be notorious at any cost. Thus he mounted banked through the war, to the final and utter disgust of General Grant. So he led on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, who was guilty of no offense. In this way he denied the power of Congress to expel the convicted criminals of the House; or to take cognizance of the false swearing and misdemeanor of Mr. Colfax! By such steps he has mounted from the depth of General Grant's contempt to the eminence of the President's most humble parasite.

Such is the Mr. Benjamin Butler who went out of his path, as a patriot and statesman—though quite in his route as a technical pettifogger—to assail the Independent Press of the country, as a "gang of libelers." It was essential to Mr. Butler's defense of his vulgar clients that he should fling mud at the representatives of the masses of the people. Because his defense of Ames and the rest depended—not on bringing Truth to the foreground, but in stigmatizing the Independent Press, for its energy and boldness, which alone and unaided forced his culprit clients to the bar of Justice, over even Government opposition.

Mr. Butler says that he was "not made by the Press." He is mistaken. But for the Press Mr. Butler this day would be unknown and unused. There is no public man in the country more indebted for his notoriety to the Press than is Mr. Benjamin Butler. It has—to use a slang word—"boosted" him up from the date of the Charleston Convention, through Congress, through his Massachusetts gubernatorial raid, to the present hour. Whatever he is, in the public eye—good or bad—he is because of the fidelity of the Press in its reports of his speeches, and the humorous, pleasant, and generally charitable notices which it has given of him.

Ah! Mr. Butler! If only your mind were more nobly directed, how well would your record look in History! If, as a superior lawyer, you had only that nobility of nature which has always distinguished in grave crises the great men of the legal profession we should honor you to-day as a breakwater, strong, firm, and bold, against the encroachments of power and corruption, when these sought to overwhelm the rights and virtue of the body of the people. We should have seen you in alliance always with the truth and independence of the Press. In this regard, unhappily, Mr. Butler has chosen a level as far below the spirit of his profession, as are the aims of a Tomb "shyster" beneath those of the law. Is this language too strong to apply to the leading member of Congress who lent himself, in his high position, to throw the shield of technicality around a band of Congressmen

convicted of treason to their constituents, and even of the base crime of perjury; and who—from such a height, to save such clients—endeavored to degrade our chief guardians of liberty—the Independent Press?

And so, in the same spirit, has a distinguished "Journal of Civilization" acted! It permits its artist to sneer in a cartoon at the Independent Press! Assuming, falsely, that certain editors have been guilty of corrupt acts, the pencil of its artist would teach this lesson—viz.: "However guilty the *Credit Mobilier* stockholders, still, as you, of the Press, are charged with misconduct, therefore, the offense of the Congressmen should be condoned!" Has the "Journal of Civilization"—like Mr. Butler—been fed on this interesting occasion? Is it, also, of counsel for the defense?

In noble contrast with Mr. Butler and the "Journal of Civilization"—on this point—is the spirit of the Connecticut Republican Convention, which met at Hartford the other day, and, among other things,

Resolved, That we have seen with profound regret the recent developments at Washington, and the evidences of a deep political and commercial immorality in the affairs of the Union Pacific Railroad, the *Credit Mobilier*, and in the undue and retroactive increase of salaries; that we have been shocked by the proof that trusted men, sent to Congress as the people's servants, have used their responsible positions to further private ends by robbing the public treasury and extending bribes to their co-representatives; that great corporations have contributed money toward the election of Congressmen useful to them; and that persons high in official station, suspected of questionable practices, have disgraced the country by perjury, if not by falsehood.

Resolved, That the time has come in Congress and in the country for a higher and purer political tone, for the prompt punishment and disgrace of unfaithful public men, and that no partisanship shall shield those who have betrayed the confidence which has been freely extended to them; that we will resist the demoralizations of corporations, and will support no man for office who is not free from the taint of jobbery.

JUNIUS.

#### EDITORIAL MENTION.

WASHINGTON.—Private advices from Washington inform us that there will be no change in the Cabinet for the present. Should Mr. Boutwell be elected to the Senate, Judge Richardson will take his place. \* \* \* \* The Senate have ratified a new treaty with Mexico extending the American and Mexican Claims Commission another year. This is the second extension. It was proposed that the Senate should adjourn on the 11th instant. \* \* \* \* The official roll of the Forty-third Congress has been prepared by Mr. McPherson, Clerk of the House, as far as possible, with the following result: The full House will have 292 members. Of these, four from Connecticut and three from New Hampshire are not yet elected, and three in West Virginia are in dispute; one District in Indiana is also in dispute, and two cases in Arkansas are without certificates. Of the remaining 279, 190 are Republicans, and 89 Democrats and Liberal Republicans. The roll will embrace 172 new members, a greater change than has occurred in many years.

We do not approve of Labor Strikes. They are sometimes, however, a choice of evils. A reporter of the New York *Tribune*, who has been investigating the matter, informs the public that the principal Trades Union organizations are quietly but effectively making preparations for a strike, which they hope to render general by coercion or persuasion early in the Spring. Already several of the protective bodies have held meetings, at which it has been openly avowed that a strike has been contemplated for a long time, and been fully determined upon. In order to make it successful, fresh candidates have been asked to add their names to the rolls of membership without paying the usual initiation fee. The movement has been most noticeable in the Crispin organization, and it is understood that its strength has been materially increased thereby. It is expected that this serious conflict will be renewed about the first of May. For lack of a Board of Labor Statistics, such as does good work in Massachusetts, it is impossible to do the Workingmen justice, in any mode of reasoning which depends on unrecorded facts, whose preservation would be priceless, as a centre of light, to illuminate the side of Suffering and Privation. But one truth is manifest: In this struggle between Labor and Capital, wages are lost and Capital goes to waste. A cautious estimate places the loss of wages and profits during a single month last Spring at over \$2,500,000, and for the whole period of the strike at over \$4,000,000, which was equally shared by Workingmen and Capitalists. Last year, in the building interest, there was a falling off of \$2,327,000 in the value of projected buildings, and a total loss in city improvements of \$12,538,000, fully one-half of which fell upon the laboring population. Last year, in the Eight-hour Strike, 40,000 skilled artisans took part, fully one-half of whom remained idle for the period of a month. The total loss during the strike, which lasted two months, was, in round numbers, \$4,000,000.

THE history of the petroleum trade for the past year is suggestive. The production has actually increased, in spite of the combinations to restrict it. In the last five years the rule has been that the maximum production was reached in August or October, and has then declined to the end of the year. In 1872, the year of combinations, the production was at its minimum in October and at its maximum in November. The average daily production in the last two months of the year was over 22,500 barrels, or larger by more than 2,000 barrels a day than the average for any other two months in the history of petroleum. And the average production for the year was quite 2,000 barrels a day larger than in 1871, which had previously been the most productive year. There is another side to this picture. While the efforts of the producers to keep down the supply failed utterly, the natural result of interference with the market by artificial restrictions was observed everywhere. Although the total production of the Pennsylvania oil regions was larger by 700,000 barrels than in 1871, the shipments were smaller by 200,000. The exports declined from 3,750,000 barrels in 1871, to 3,500,000 in 1872. The stock on hand is more than twice as large as at the corresponding period in any previous year. Prices have declined more than fifty per cent, since last September, and the article is now almost unprecedentedly low. All this is the effect of the injudicious attempts to shorten the supply. As soon as the temporary reduction had driven up prices there was a rush of production, and the prices declined. The regularity of supply had built up a foreign market; the interruption destroyed that market for a time. It would be folly to hope that the result of this experience would be to teach the oil producers of Pennsylvania their utter inability to make people pay whatever price may be asked for an article that was not indispensable during the first five or six thousand years of the world's history.

HARTFORD, March 6th.—The Republican Convention of the First Congressional District to-day unanimously renominated General J. R. Hawley for Congress by acclamation. Resolutions warmly commending his action in Congress, and condemning the legislators of all parties concerned in the *Credit Mobilier* corruption, and in the unwarrantable increase of salaries, were unanimously passed.

FRANCO-AMERICAN TRADE.—Some interesting statistics relative to the trade between France and the United States have recently been published. It appears that in four years' time we have taken from France, in products and manufactures for sale, the amount of one milliard one hundred and thirty millions of francs, or \$227,739,310, which, absolutely, is large—though, relatively to the entire trade, is small. It will be seen from these figures that our trade with France is particularly valuable, and we hope it may be increased.

WAR AGAINST THE RAILROADS.—The Illinois farmers are waging a force war against the railroads in that State. They have established an organization known as the "Sons of Husbandry," and in one case have called upon the Judges of the Supreme Court, who rendered a recent decision denying the validity of the Freight Tariff law, to resign at once.

A DISPATCH from Berlin informs us that the naturalization treaty between Germany and the United States will probably be amended, so as to provide that Germans who have returned from America and remained two years at home shall be considered to have renounced their rights as naturalized American citizens.

TWEED.—The New York Senate have refused to expel "Boss" Tweed by a vote of 14 against 7.

FOREIGN.—March 4th, a dinner was given in Berlin at the American Legation in honor of the inauguration of President Grant. Minister Bancroft presided. At his right sat Prince Bismarck. The Diplomatic Corps was represented by its principal members. Among the distinguished guests were Count von Philippson and Herr von Greist, Director of Universities. The toast to "The President of the United States" was offered by Prince Bismarck, and Mr. Bancroft gave "The Health of the German Emperor." As the Berlin cabmen obstinately persist in their strike, to the great inconvenience of the public, the police authorities have ordered the cab proprietors to resume business, under penalty of the withdrawal of their licenses in case of refusal. \* \* \* \* PARIS, March 4th.—President Thiers made a great speech in the Assembly. He reaffirmed his determination to maintain the pact of Bordeaux. The preamble of the constitutional project declaring that the Assembly reserves to itself the constitutional power was adopted by the Chamber, the vote standing 475 yeas to 199 nays. Mr. Allou, the celebrated advocate, defends General Fremont in the Memphis and El Paso Railway case now before the courts here. Three hundred liberal Catholics have united in an address to Père Hyacinthe urging him to resume the pulpit at Geneva. The Father has made a favorable reply, saying that he is willing to preach to those who are resolved not to surrender to either ultramontanism or unbelief. \* \* \* \* SPAIN.—MADRID, March 4th.—During the session of the National Assembly to-day, Señor Figueras, President of the Ministry, submitted a bill convoking a Constituent Cortes on the first day of May; ordering elections for members in Spain and Porto Rico on the 10th of April, all male citizens of the age of twenty to be entitled to vote therefor; dissolving the present Assembly after it has voted the budget, the abolition of slavery, and the armament of the volunteers; and providing that in the interim a permanent committee shall sit, and as soon as the Cortes meets the committee and Ministry shall resign. Señor Tetuan, Minister of Finance, presented a bill authorizing the sale of the Crown Property. The news from Spain, at last dates, is so mixed that we cannot form any opinion of the condition. The Carlists have been recognized by France, and the great European powers seem to have combined against the Republic. \* \* \* \* LONDON, March 4th.—It is reported that the frauds on the Bank of England amount to \$2,000,000, and that of this amount \$350,000 was drawn upon Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co.; \$200,000 upon the Rothschilds, and a large amount—the exact figures unknown—upon the Barings. The men on strike in Merthyr-Tydvil, at a meeting to-day, resolved to go back to work on the masters' terms for two weeks, and trust to the masters' honor for an advance of wages for the third week. It is probable that this action will bring the long strike to an end. \* \* \* \* The last dates from Lisbon brings news that the ravages of the yellow fever in Brazil were unabated. At Rio Janeiro the death rate was from thirty-five to forty per day, and the epidemic had spread to Bahia and Pernambuco. A number of English residents returned in the steamer, and others were preparing to leave the country. The Peruvian Government, we are informed, has given an answer to the circular that the Government of Colombia had addressed to the South American Republics in regard to Cuban affairs. Peru not only accepts the proposition made by Colombia, but clearly manifests her willingness to do all that may be necessary to obtain the independence of Cuba, and announces her intention to convoke a Spanish-American Congress that will discuss the measures to be taken with that purpose. \* \* \* \* After all her many years of anarchy, Mexico begins to give evidence that she is at last in the line of prosperity. Under Lerdo de Tejada she has been doing well.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"No THOROUGHFARE" was lately revived at Booth's with great effect, Mr. W. J. Florence as Oberon.

MR. FECHTER will open his new Lyceum Theatre, in Fourteenth Street, on the 24th of the present month.

THE Lucca-Kellogg Opera Company continue to reap fresh laurels and to attract large audiences at the Academy of Music.

"ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD," at the Union Square Theatre, has been succeeded by Olive Logan's new comedy, "A Business Woman."

MR. DALY announces that he will shortly produce the well-known local play of "Under the Gaslight," at the Grand Opera House. It will doubtless be much improved, in matter as well as in manner.

MISS MARIA B. JONES, the leading actress at Drury Lane, died in London, February 11th, aged 27. She was the wife of Mr. Francis Phillips, late of the British Army, to whom she was married in July, 1871.

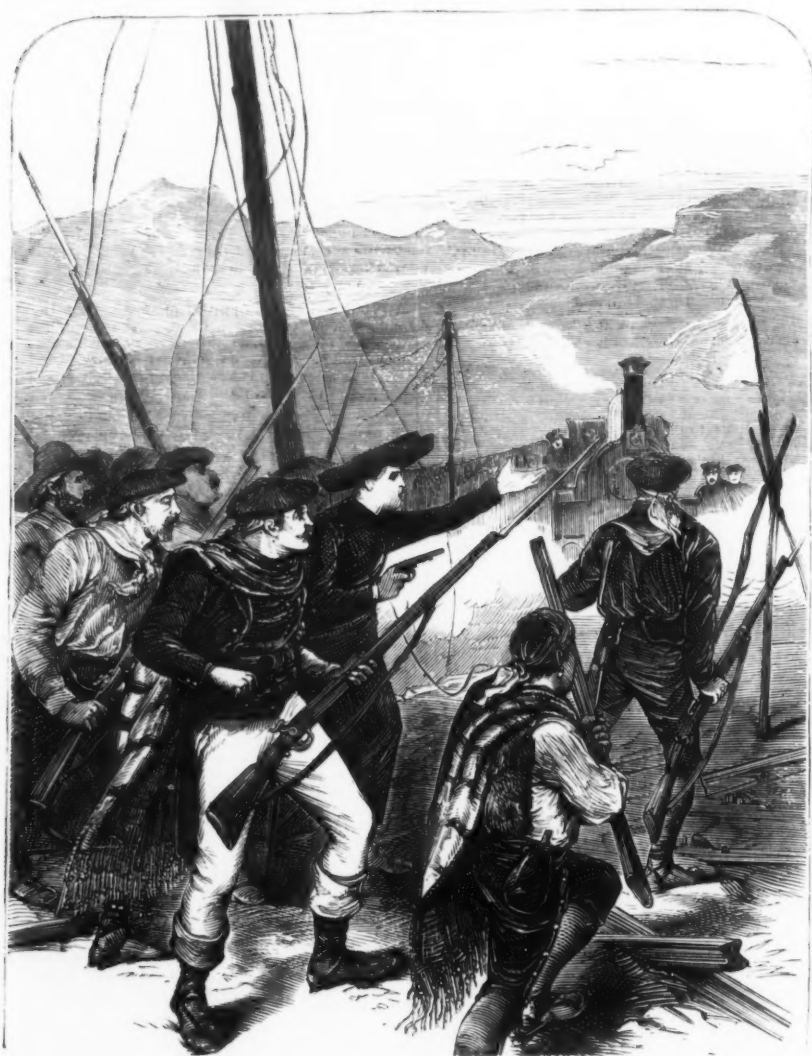
MR. LESTER WALLACK, at last, contemplates a professional tour to England next year. Though we should be sorry to miss him from his own theatre for so long a time, it is worth much to American pride in his art that he should give our English cousins a taste of his quality.

MELODRAMA promises to be the rage during the approaching season. Mr. Boucicault will probably produce his new American play at Wallack's in the Summer; Mr. Daly, it is announced, proposes to try "Horizon" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and Messrs. Jarratt and Palmer announce "A startling realistic drama, illustrating the perils and dangers of frontier life," to succeed "Leo and Lotos."

THE committee of the proprietors of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, have determined to raise the rent to future managers. The present lessee, Mr. Chatterton, has for some years past paid a rent of £5,000 per annum. He now offers £6,000. Mr. McCleson bids £6,500, and Mr. Mansell £7,000. If Mr. Chatterton should remain manager of that establishment he would code the theatre for the Fall months to Mr. Carl Rosa, for the purpose of giving a season of English opera.



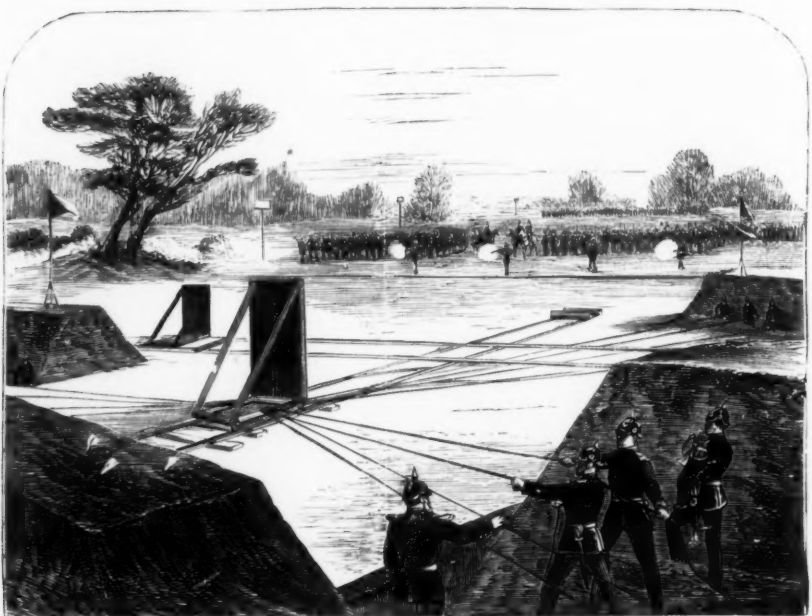
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



SPAIN.—TRAVELING BY RAIL—A TRAIN ATTACKED BY CARLISTS.



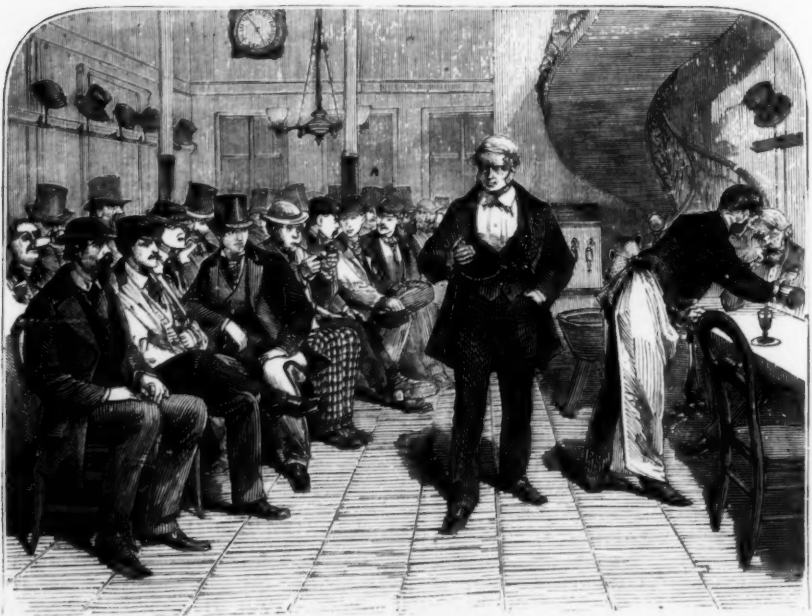
FRANCE.—FÊTE OF THE BOUDINS, IN LOWER BRITTANY.



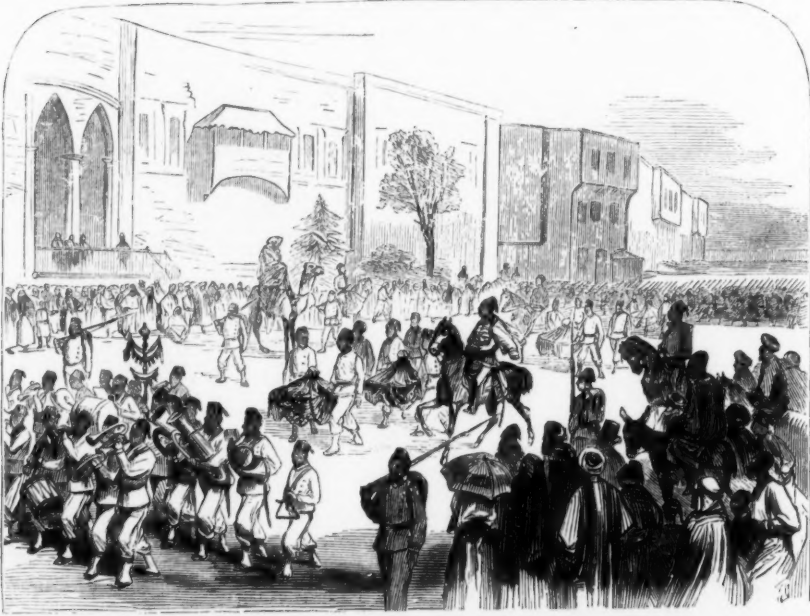
PRUSSIA.—ARMY EXERCISES—MOVABLE TARGETS.



FRANCE.—DRAGGING FOR OYSTERS IN THE RIVER JAUDY, AT TRÉGUIER.

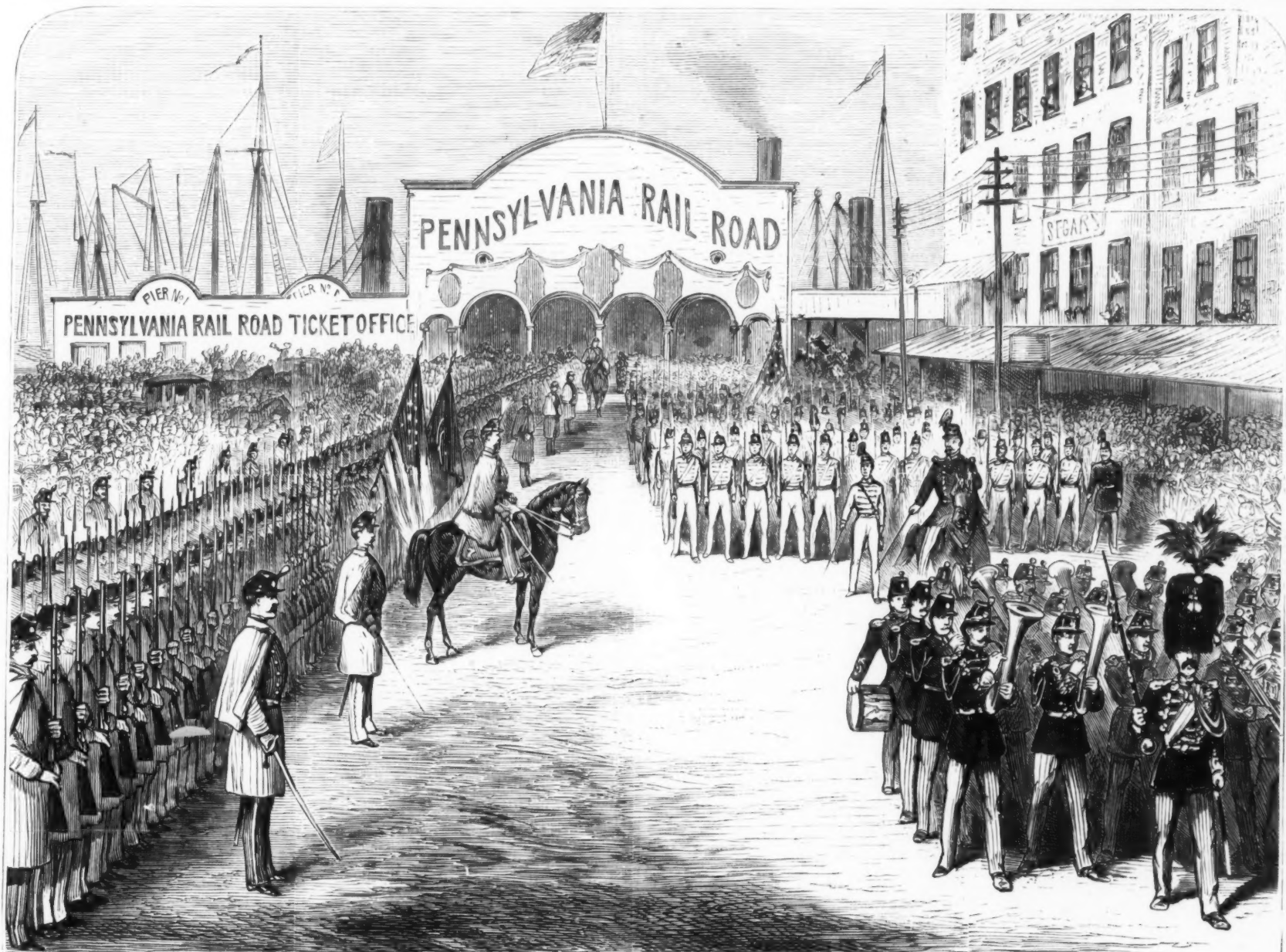


FRANCE.—THEATRICAL AND OPERATIC CLACQUEURS AT THEIR RENDEZVOUS AT THE CAFÉ IN THE RUE FAVART.



EGYPT.—THE FÊTE AT CAIRO ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE ROYAL.





NEW YORK CITY.—RECEPTION OF THE WEST POINT CADETS BY THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N.G.S.N.Y.

RECEPTION OF THE WEST POINT  
CADETS

BY THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

FOR the first time within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, New York city had an opportunity of seeing the military Cadets of West Point, on Thursday, March 6th, on parade. The remarkable spectacle was a result of their trip to Washington, to participate in the pomp and ceremony of the inauguration. Upon their arrival at Pier 1, N.R., they were met by the Seventh Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., which had been anxiously awaiting their appearance for more than two hours of intense cold. After marching past the Seventh, the Cadets halted, and received a like compliment in return. Then the line was formed, and the youthful guests were escorted up to Broadway, to Eighth Street, and thence to the Armory of the Seventh. The long route was lined by demonstrative spectators, who manifested great pleasure, and remarked the excellence of the discipline evinced by the Cadets.

As the procession marched past the New York Hotel, it was reviewed by Major-General Shaler, Inspector-General Morris, Dr. Gunning, Medical Inspector U.S.N., and Generals Rathbun, Johnson and Knox. At the Armory a refreshing lunch had been prepared, to which both guests and escort addressed themselves with great earnestness. At about one o'clock a second parade ensued, the Cadets being accompanied to the Forty-second Street Depot, where the special train was in waiting. The heartiest enthusiasm was shared by both bodies at the parting, and the Cadets ought to consider themselves unusually fortunate in receiving the high mark of distinction extended by the favorite Seventh.

Our engraving portrays the landing of the West Pointers at Pier 1, N.R., and their reception by the Seventh.

## WM. J. FLORENCE, THE ACTOR.

IN connection with our elegant portrait of William J. Florence, the popular actor, now performing *Jules Offenreizer* in "No Thoroughfare," at Booth's Theatre, we append a brief biographical sketch.

He was born in Albany, N. Y., July 26th, 1831, and was engaged by old Tom Hamblin, with the elder Chippendale and John Sefton, with whom he made his first appearance on the 9th of December, 1849, in the character of *Peter*, in the "Stranger." The following year he was engaged to perform at Brougham's Lyceum, then situate at the corner of Broome Street and Broadway.

On New Year's Day, 1853, Mr. Florence married Miss M. Pray, who very speedily made her debut in the character of *Nan*, the *Good-for-Nothing*. The Florences then visited England, and met with great success in their delineation of the "Irish Boy and Yankee Girl" at Drury Lane Theatre, in London. At the close of this engagement, these artists played to enthusiastic audiences at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, and other large towns.

Returning to America in 1857, Mr. and Mrs. Florence appeared in the principal cities with a *répertoire* comprising "Handy Andy," "Temptation," "St. Patrick's Eve," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "The Yankee Housekeeper," etc.

In 1863, Mr. Florence achieved his greatest hit at the Winter Garden, in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man;" and as a burlesque artist he secured a high distinction in the performance of light pieces at Wallack's

Theatre. These were, "The Returned Volunteer," "Orange Blossoms," "Knight of Arva," "Fra Diavolo," "The Lady of Lyons," "Colleen Bawn," etc.

Mr. Florence has displayed his versatility by the assumption of roles diametrically opposed to each other in character and coloring; as, for instance, *George d'Alovy*, in "Caste," and *Obenreizer*, in "No Thoroughfare." Many of the pieces acted by Mrs. Florence and himself are his own, including

"Mike the Miner" a three-act drama; "The Yankee Housekeeper," "Lord Flanagan," "The Irish Brogue-maker," "Mischievous Annie," "Lalla Rookh," and a version of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," produced at Wood's Museum a few years since, and in which play he took the part of *Henry VIII.*

This eminent artist is now attracting immense audiences at Booth's Theatre, and adding fresh laurels to his well-earned and luxurious chaplet.



WILLIAM J. FLORENCE, THE ACTOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

## BATTLE COLORS OF NEW JERSEY.

THEIR PRESENTATION TO THE STATE.

THE city of Trenton, N. J., assumed a peculiarly holiday appearance on Thursday, March 6th, in consequence of the formal presentation to the State of the colors borne by the New Jersey Regiments during the war. The interest was agreeably increased by the participation of the Third Regiment, N.G.S.N.J., which stopped at the Capital on its return from Washington.

The deeply impressive ceremony emanated from a feeling of the injustice of General Order No. 94 of the War Department, issued at the close of the war, which provided that all colors borne through the rebellion should be turned over to the Quartermaster-General for safekeeping.

Hon. Joel Parker, who was then serving his first term as Governor, having had his attention called to the desire of the New Jersey soldiers to have their colors remain in the custody of the State, addressed the following letter to the Adjutant-General: "Every citizen feels a peculiar interest in the regiments belonging to his own State; and, as the colors of each regiment are so closely connected with its history, I am desirous that they be deposited with the other public property of the State associated with the rebellion. I have, therefore, to request that you will cause the colors of the New Jersey regiments to be committed to the care of the authorities of this State."

This request was promptly granted, upon the conditions that the Governor would designate a proper officer as custodian of the relics, and have a safe depository prepared for their reception. Accordingly, the colors were received and handed over to Quartermaster-General Perrine, who, in lieu of better quarters, had them deposited in the State Arsenal.

The movement which culminated on the 6th was inaugurated by the Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in New Jersey. A room was prepared for the colors in the State House, where they can be examined by visitors. Courtland Parker, Esq., of Newark, was engaged to deliver the presentation speech, but it subsequently transpired that Mr. Parker was unable to fulfill his engagement, and Mr. John Y. Foster, who is well known from one end of the State to the other, officiated.

On its arrival, the Third Regiment, commanded by Colonel Drake, was received by Governor Parker. Its members then marched through several streets, awaiting the appearance of the Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic. At noon, a force of nearly five hundred veterans reached the city, representing all the large Posts in the State.

As soon as the whole line could be formed, one thousand men marched for the Arsenal. In the meantime the doors of Taylor's Opera House were thrown open to the public, and the galleries were speedily occupied. Upon the right hand, and near the boxes, were the boys and girls of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, under the care of Mrs. William L. Dayton. The children presented an impressive appearance, and hundreds of eyes were directed to their quiet, pretty faces.

The relics having been turned over to the Comrades, the procession started from the Arsenal for the Opera House. It was arranged that the colors of the several regiments should be borne by a survivor of each regiment, and in this order the veterans filed into the parquet, while a band of music in the gallery played an appropriate air.

There were 114 of the colors in General Perrine's custody, of which 97 were carried in the procession, the remainder being too much tattered for such



display. Each staff was labeled with historical record of the color. To some were attached only the field, or fringe, or a corner, while others were in a far better state of preservation. A very noticeable one was that of the old Thirty-third Regiment. This color had been captured during a fight in Alabama by the Eleventh Regiment; shortly after, it was retaken by the Ninth New Jersey, and thus was preserved. The remains could be placed in a quart measure, and were tied carefully to the staff.

Another was that of the old First Brigade, which was captured at the battle of Gaines's Mills by a Texan Regiment, and after the war deposited in the Capitol at Austin, Texas. A few years later the daughter of Jack Hamilton obtained possession of it, and promptly forwarded it to General Perrine.

At the close of his touching address, which had excited repeated expressions of patriotic feeling, Mr. Foster turned to Comrade Feary, a one-armed veteran, and received the color of the First Brigade; then, advancing to Governor Parker, presented it as the representative of the priceless relics. The enthusiasm of the old soldiers was beyond expression. They cheered and shouted, waved their hats and pounded the floor with the color-staves. The band struck up, and it was many minutes before quiet was sufficiently restored to enable the Governor to deliver his response. This is the subject of our illustration.

At the conclusion of the interesting exercises, the veterans marched out, the band preceding them, and amid the cheers of thousands of spectators, bore the colors to the depository in the State House, where they were placed in racks, cauted to give them the fullest display. The particles of the other colors will have to be preserved in glass-cases or bottles, as there is not enough of any one to stick to a staff. The excitement produced by this grand display was an agreeable counter-irritant to that which prevailed during the entire week in consequence of legislative proceedings.

### A STATUE OF THE PROUDEST TYPE.

"Each printer in the Union contributes one thousand ems to the erection of the proposed Greeley statue, which is to be made of type-metal."—*Daily Paper.*

NOT in a rock that's dull and cold  
The apt material do we find,  
An emblem of his form to mold,  
Or symbolize his vigorous mind

And hence we raise no sculptured stone,  
The labor of an alien hand,  
Or echo of a few alone,  
From a mere corner of the land.

For true to him, both far and near,  
We of his craft, from sea to sea,  
With zealous love a tribute rear  
More worthy of his memory—

A tribute wrought with such strong will  
As scarce to fail in life or soul,  
Whose vibrant metal tongue shall fill  
The listening earth from pole to pole.

He was of us, and we of him,  
And here we rest our common fame,  
Beyond a nation's fitful whim,  
That sometimes makes or mars a name.

For, though his great and generous heart  
Poured out toward all a friendly tide,  
'Twas in our ranks he played his part,  
And, more, 'twas in our ranks he died.

A special glory of our soil—  
A man among his fellow-men—  
A truer, prouder son of toil  
Ne'er held the plow or held the pen;

While not in any clime or age  
More simple greatness do we find,  
For boy and man, and child and sage,  
Are here in one grand whole combined.

NEW YORK.

### INNOCENT: A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY  
MRS. OLIPHANT,  
Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

#### CHAPTER IX.—AT HOME.

WHEN Mrs. Eastwood received Frederick's letter from Leghorn, telling her of his illness and detention in Paris, she was greatly distressed. Her first thought was for his health; her second for the office, and whether he could get an extension of leave; or, if this staying away without permission would injure him. She did not quite know which of her counselors to send for in such an emergency, and, therefore, she did what she would have done in any case, whether her advisers had bidden her or not.

After she had wondered with Ellinor what it could have been, and why he gave them no details, and cried over the bad news, and taken comfort at the thought he was better, she sent for her habitual fly, the vehicle which she had patronized ever since she put down her carriage.

It was a very respectable fly, with a sensible brown horse, which never got into any trouble, but would stand as patiently at a door, as if it knew there was a place round the corner where its inferior brother, the coachman, went to refresh himself. Mrs. Eastwood and Ellinor got into this respectable vehicle about twelve o'clock, and drove by Whitehall and the Horse Guards to the Sealing Wax Office. There they found the head of the office, Mr. Bellingham, who had just come in from his cottage in the country, with a rosebud in his coat, which came from his own conservatory, and had roused the envy of all the young men as he came by. Mrs. Eastwood explained that Frederick had been detained by illness in Paris. He had not written sooner in order that his friends might not be anxious, she explained; and she hoped there would be no difficulty in the office. Mr. Bellingham smiled upon her, and said he would make all that right.

"Jolly place to be ill in," he said, with a little nod and smile.

"Indeed, I thought it the very last place in the world for a sick person," said Mrs. Eastwood, feeling, somehow, that her boy's sufferings were held too lightly: "so little privacy, so much noise and bustle; and in a hotel, of course, the comforts of home are not to be looked for."

It seemed to Ellinor that Mr. Bellingham's countenance bore traces of a suppressed grin, but he said nothing more than that a letter had been received at the office from the sufferer, and that,

under the circumstances, there would be no question about the extended leave.

"That is all right, at least," Mrs. Eastwood said, as they left the office; and the mother and daughter could talk of nothing else as they drove home.

"If he had but written at first, when he felt himself getting ill, you or I, or both of us, might have gone to him, Nelly. And then the expense! I wonder if he has money enough, poor boy, to bring him home?"

"If he wanted money he would have told you so," said Nelly, half uneasily, she could not quite tell why. "I don't know," said Mrs. Eastwood; "boys are so odd. To be sure, when they want money they generally let one know. But there never was anything so firesome, so vague, as men's letters about themselves. 'I have been ill.' Now if it had been you or me, Nelly, we should have said, 'I took cold, or I got a bad headache,' or whatever it was, on such a day—and how it got worse or better; and when we were able to get up again, or to get out again. It is not Frederick alone. It is every man. They don't understand what it is to be really anxious. In a great many ways, Nelly, men have the advantage over us—things, too, that no laws can change."

"I don't think it is an advantage not to care," said Nelly, indignantly.

"I am not so sure of that," said her mother. "We care so much, that we can't think of anything else. We can't take things calmly as they do. And they have an advantage in it. Frederick is a very good son, but if I were to write to him, 'I have been ill, and I am better,' he would be quite satisfied, he would want nothing more. Whereas I want a great deal more," Mrs. Eastwood said, flicking off with her finger the ghost of a tear which had gathered in spite of her in the corner of her eye, and giving a short little broken laugh. The path of fathers and mothers is often strewn with roses, but the roses have very big thorns.

"It is wicked of him not to write more fully," said Nelly.

"No, Nelly, dear, not wicked, but thoughtless; all men are the same," said Mrs. Eastwood.

And to be sure this large generalization affords a little comfort now and then to women, as the same principle does to men in different circumstances; for there is nothing about which the two halves of humanity are so fond of generalizing as each other.

Another week elapsed during which the Eastwoods carried on their existence much as usual, and not deeply disturbed by the prospect of the new arrival. Mrs. Eastwood spoke to Mr. Brotherton, her rector and adviser about "the boys," on the subject, but Mr. Brotherton, though fond, like most people, of giving advice, and feeling, like most people, that a widow with sons to educate was his lawful prey, was yet shy of saying anything on the subject of Frederick, who was no longer a boy. Whether any more serious uneasiness lay underneath her anxiety for her son's health, no one, not even Mrs. Eastwood's chief and privy counselor, could have told; but when appealed to as to what he thought on the subject, whether another messenger or the mother herself should go to the succor of the invalid, Mr. Brotherton shook his head, and did not know what to advise.

"If he has been able to go on to Leghorn, I think you may feel very confident that he is all right again," he said. "You must not make yourself unhappy about him. From Leghorn to Pisa is but a step," added the rector, pleased to be able to recall his own experience on this subject.

But Mrs. Everard, the Privy Counselor, was of a different opinion. She was always for action in every case. To sit still and wait was a policy which had no attraction for her. She was a slight and eager woman, who had been a great beauty in her day. Her husband had been a judge in India, and she was, or thought she was, deeply instructed in the law, and able to be "of real service" to her friends, when legal knowledge was requisite. It is almost unnecessary to say that she was as unlike Mrs. Eastwood as one woman could be to another. The one was eager, slight, and restless, with a mind much too active for her body; the other, plump and peaceable, not deficient in energy when it was necessary, but slightly inert and slow to move when the emergency did not strike her as serious. Of course it is equally unnecessary to add that Mrs. Everard also was a widow. This fact acts upon the character like other great facts in life. That curious mingling of a man's position and responsibilities with a woman's position and responsibilities, cannot possibly fail to mold a type of character in many respects individual. A man who is widowed is not similarly affected, partly perhaps because in most cases he throws the responsibility from him, and either marries again or places some woman in the deputy position of governess or housekeeper to represent the feminine side of life, which he does not choose to take upon himself. Women, however, abandon their post much less frequently, and sometimes, I suspect, get quite reconciled to the double burden, and do not object to do all for, and be all to, their children.

"I would go if I were in your place," said Mrs. Everard, talking over all these circumstances in the twilight by the fire the same evening. "A man, as we both know, never tells you anything fully. Of course you cannot tell in the least what is the matter with him. He may have overtasked his strength going on to Pisa. He may break down on the road home with no one to look after him. I suppose this girl will be a helpless foreign thing, without any knowledge of the world. Girls are brought up so absurdly abroad. You know my opinion, dear, on the whole subject. I always advised you—instead of taking this trouble and bringing her here with great expense and inconvenience, to make her an inmate of your own house—I always advised you to settle her where she is, paying her expenses, among the people she knows. You remember what I told you about poor Adelaide Forbes?—what a mistake she made, meaning to be kind! You know your own affairs best; but still on this point I think I was right."

"Perhaps you may have been," said Mrs. Eastwood, "but there are some things that one cannot do, however much one's judgment can be convinced. Leave my own flesh and blood to languish among strangers? I could not do it; it would have been impossible."

"If your flesh and blood had been a duchess, you would have done it without a thought," said Mrs. Everard. "She is happy where she is (I suppose). You don't know her temper nor her ways of thinking, nor what kind of girl she is, and yet you will insist upon bringing her here—"

"You speak as if Frederick's illness was mamma's doing," said Nelly, with a little indignation, coming in from one of her many occupations, and placing herself on a stool in front of the fire.

Nelly was not afraid of her complexion. She would run out in the sunshine unprotected by veil or parasol, and she had a trick of reading by firelight, which, considering how she scorched her cheeks, can scarcely be called anything short of wicked.

"Nelly, Nelly! you will burn your eyes out. By the time you are my age how much eyesight will you have left, do you think?"

"I don't much care," said Nelly, in an undertone. She thought that by the time she reached Mrs.

Everard's age (which was under fifty) she would have become indifferent to eyesight and everything else.

"Nelly, you are not too civil," said Mrs. Eastwood, touching the toe of Nelly's pretty shoe with her own velvet slipper, in warning and reproof.

The girl drew her toes out of the way, but did not make any apology. She was not fond of Mrs. Everard, nor indeed was any one in the house.

"Of course, I don't mean that your decision had anything whatever to do with Frederick's illness," Mrs. Everard resumed. "He might have been ill at home as much as abroad. Of course, if Frederick had not gone away, you would have been spared this anxiety, and might have nursed him comfortably at home. But that is incidental. What I am sorry for is that you are bringing a girl into your house whom you know nothing of. It is a very brave thing to do. I should not have the courage to make such an experiment, though it would be a great deal simpler in my house, where there is no one to be affected but myself."

"I don't see where the courage lies," said Nelly; "a girl of sixteen. What harm could she do to any one?"

"Oh, a great deal of harm, if she chose," said Mrs. Everard; "a girl of sixteen, in a house full of young men! One or the other of them will fall in love with her to a certainty if she is at all pretty—"

"Oh, please!" said Mrs. Eastwood; "you do think so oddly, pardon me for saying so, about the boys. Frederick is grown up, of course, but the last young man in the world to think of a little cousin. And as for Dick, he is a mere boy, and Jenny! Don't be vexed if I laugh. This is too funny."

"I hope you will always think it as funny," said the Privy Counselor, solemnly. "But I know you and I don't think alike on these subjects. I don't mean to say that harm will come of it immediately—but once she is in your house there is no telling how you are to get rid of her. However, I suppose your mind is made up. About the other matter, here are the facts of the case. Frederick is ill. You don't know how or with what; he has taken a long and dangerous journey—"

"Not dangerous, dear, not dangerous—"

"Well, not dangerous, if you please, but long and fatiguing, and troublesome to a man who is ill. He has gone on to Pisa in a bad state of health. You know that he has reached so far, and you know no more. Of course he will be anxious to get home again as quick as possible. What if he were to get worse on the road? There is nothing more likely, and the torturing anxiety you would feel in such circumstances, I need not suggest to you."

"Oh, have a little pity upon me! Don't talk so—don't think so—"

"I can't stop my thoughts," said Mrs. Everard, not without a little complacency, "and I have known such things to happen before now. What more likely than that he should start before he is equal to the journey, and break down on the way home? Then you would certainly go to him; and my advice is, go to him now. Anticipating the evil in that way, you would probably prevent it. In your place I would not lose a day."

"But I could not reach Pisa," said Mrs. Eastwood, nervously taking out her watch—"I could not reach Pisa, even if I were to start to-night, before they had left it; and how could I tell which way they would come? I should get there just when they were arriving here."

"If they ever arrived here," said Mrs. Everard, ominously; "but indeed it is not my part to interfere. Some people can bear anxiety so much better than others. I know it would kill me."

Mrs. Eastwood objected to such a conclusion. To put up with the imputation of feeling less than her friend, or any other woman, in the circumstances, was unbearable.

"Then you really think I have reason to be alarmed?" she said, in a tremulous voice.

"I should not have any doubt on the subject," said her adviser. "A young man in delicate health, a long journey, cold February weather. Recollect I would not say half so much if I did not feel quite sure that you would be forced to go at last—and probably too late."

"Oh, don't say those awful words!" said the poor woman.

And thus the conversation went on, till Brownlow appeared with the lamp, interrupting the agitating discussion. Then Mrs. Everard went her way, leaving her friend in very low spirits with Nelly, who, though kept up by a wholesome spirit of opposition, was yet moved, in spite of herself, by the gloomy picture upon which she had been looking. They sat together over the fire for a little longer, very tearful and miserable, while Mrs. Everard went home, strong in the sense of having done her duty.

"Must you really go, mamma?" said Nelly, thinking of the hurried start at eight o'clock to catch the night train, and of the dismal midnight crossing of that channel which travelers hate and fear. "It will be a dreadful journey. Must you really go?"

"What do you think, Nelly?" said Mrs. Eastwood, beginning to recover a little. "I have the greatest respect for Jane Everard's opinion, but she does always take the darkest view of everything. Oh, Nelly, what would you advise me to do?"

This was an infallible sign that the mercury had begun to rise. "Pressure had decreased," to use a scientific term. The mother and daughter made up their minds, after much discussion, that to catch the night train would be impossible, and that there might, perhaps, be further news next day. The fact was that Mrs. Eastwood herself saw very clearly all the practical difficulties of the question. She loved advice, and did not think it correct for "a woman in my position" to take any important step without consulting her friends; and their counsel moved her deeply. She gave all her attention to it, and received it with respectful conviction; but she did not take it. It would be impossible to over-estimate the advantage this gave her over all her advisers.

"I knew she had made up her mind," Mrs. Everard said, next day, with resignation. Whatever might happen, she had done her duty, and the consequences must certainly fall on the culprit's own head.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE ARRIVAL.

TO the reader, who is better acquainted with the character of Frederick Eastwood's detention on his journey than either his mother or her Privy Counselor, the fears entertained by these ladies in respect to his health will scarcely appear deserving of much consideration.

Two days' rest at Pisa, the substitution of the *vin du pays* for champagne, and the absence of other excitements, made him quite equal to contemplate the journey home without anxiety, so far as his own interesting person was concerned. He had difficulties enough, however, of another kind. He was obliged to stay a day longer than he intended, in order to fit out his cousin with various things pronounced by Mr. Drinham to be indispensable. She had been clothed in something more fit for a journey than the thin black frock which Niccolo had ordered for her at her father's death. Pisa did not afford much in the way of toilet; but

still the dress and cloak procured by Mrs. Drinham were presentable, and the fastidious young man was extremely grateful to the physician's pretty wife for clothing his companion so that he should not be ashamed to be seen with her, which would have been the case had the poor child traveled as she intended in her only warm garment, the velvet cloak.

"It must have been a stage property in its day," Frederick said, looking at the many tints of its old age with disgust.

Innocent hid it away instantly in the depths of her old trunk, and sat proudly shivering with cold in her thin frock through all the long evening—the cold, long, lingering night which preceded their departure. She thought her cousin would have come to her; but Frederick wisely reflected that he would have enough of her society for the next few days, and preferred the Drinham's comfortable drawing-room instead.

Poor Innocent! She stood in the old way at the window, but not impressive as of old, looking for some one this time, and trying with a beating heart to make him out among the crowd that moved along the Lung' Arno. This expectation engrossed her so much, that she forgot to think of the change that was about to come upon her life. She had wandered from one place to another with her father, living always the same dreary, secluded life, having such simple wants as she was conscious of supplied, and nothing ever required of her. I believe, had it been suggested to her unawakened mind that thenceforward she must do without Niccolo, this would have been the most forcible way of rousing her to thought of what was about to happen. And, indeed, this was exactly the course which was about to be taken, though without any idea on the part of Niccolo of the effect it would produce.

He came in as usual with his little tray, the salad heaped up, green and glistening with oil, just as he liked it himself. Beside it, as this was the last evening, was a small, but smoking hot, dish of macaroni, a morsel of cheese on a plate, and a *petit pain*, more delicate than the dry Italian bread. The usual small flask of red wine flanked this meal, which Niccolo brought in with some state, as became the little *festa* which he had prepared for his charge.

Tears were in the good fellow's eyes, though his beard was divided in its blackness by the kind smile which displayed his red lips and white teeth. He arranged it on the little table close by the stove, placed the chair beside it, and trimmed the lamp before he called upon his Signorina, whose position by the window he had immediately remarked with a shrug of his shoulders. He had taken care of her all her life; but I am not sure that the good Niccolo was not glad to be relieved of a charge so embarrassing. His own prospects were certainly brightened by her departure. He had served her father faithfully and long with but poor recompense, and now the reward of his faithfulness was coming to Niccolo in the shape of a better place, with higher wages, and a position which was very splendid in his eyes. Never was heart more disposed to entertain a romantic devotion for the child he had nurtured; but it is difficult for the warmest heart to give itself up in blind love to an utterly unresponsive being, whether child or man; and, as Innocent did not love Niccolo or any one else, the separation from her was less hard than it might otherwise have been. Nevertheless, there were tears in his eyes when he arranged her supper for her, and went to the cold window to call her to her solitary meal. He touched her shoulder caressingly with his hand.

"Santissima Madonna!" cried Niccolo, "you will die of cold, my poor young lady; you have nothing but this thin dress, which cannot keep you warm. Where in the name of all the saints is your cloak?"

"I have put it away. It is ugly; it is not fit to wear," cried Innocent. "It is a thing of the theatre. Why did you let me wear it?" and she put off his hand gently enough, but coldly, and continued her watch.

"A thing of the theatre!" cried Niccolo, indignant, "when I bought it myself at the sale of the picture Inglesse, who died over the way; and you looked like a princess when you put it on, and warm as a bird in a nest. But I know who it is that turns you against your old dresses and your old way of living and your poor old Niccolo. It is the cousin. But, in the meantime, my young lady is served, and if she does not eat, the macaroni will be cold. Cold macaroni is good for no one. The cousin will not come to-night."

"You do not know," said Innocent, turning a momentary look upon him, which was half a defiance and half a question.

"But I do not know," said Niccolo; "he went to the house of the English doctor half an hour ago, and bid me tell the signorina to be prepared at ten to-morrow. Come, then, to the macaroni. When everything else fails, it is always good to have macaroni to fall back upon."

"I do not care for macaroni," said Innocent. She turned from the window, however, with a dawning of the pride of a woman who feels herself slighted. "Niccolo, I do not want anything; you can go away."

"And this is how she parts with old Niccolo!" he cried. "I have carried her in my arms when she was little. I have dressed her, and prepared for her to eat and drink all her life, and the last night she tells me, 'I do not want anything, Niccolo; you may go away.'"

"The last night?" said Innocent, moved a little. She shivered with the cold, and knelt down by the stove to get a little warmth, turning her eyes inquiringly upon him. She knew what he meant very well, and yet she did not know.

"The last night," said Niccolo. "To-morrow evening you will be upon the great sea; you will be on your way to your relations, to your England, which cannot be colder than your heart, signorina. I weep, for I cannot forget that you were once a little child, and that I carried you in my arms, and that after to-morrow I shall see you no more! Whatever has to be done for you must be done by others, or will not be done at all, which is more likely. When you want anything you may call, 'Niccolo, Niccolo;' but there will be no Niccolo to reply. If I were to permit myself to think of all this, I should become *pazzo*, signorina—though you don't care."

Innocent said nothing; but slowly the reality of this tremendous alteration in her lot made itself apparent to her. No Niccolo! She could not realize it. With Niccolo, too, many other things would disappear. Large tears filled her eyes; she turned to Niccolo an appealing, beseeching look. "I do not understand," she cried, with a panting breath; and put out her hands, and clung to him. He who was about to be left behind was the emblem of all the known, the familiar—I do not say the dear—for the girl's heart and soul had been sealed up, and she loved nothing. But she knew him, and relied upon him, and had that child's trust that he would never fail her, which is often all that a child knows of love. No Niccolo! She did not understand how existence was to go on without him. She clung to him with a look of sudden alarm and dismay in her dilated eyes.

The good Niccolo was satisfied to have brought out some evidence of feeling, and also that his



dramatic appeal had produced the due effect. "My dearest young lady," he said, wiping the great tears from her eyes with his own red handkerchief, a service which he, indeed, had performed many a time before. "Carissima signorina mia! There will never be a day of my life that I will not think of you, nor shall I ever enter a church without putting the Blessed Madonna in mind of my poor, dear, well-beloved young lady who has no mother! Never, carina! never, my child, my little mistress! You may always rely upon your old Nicolo; and when my young lady marries a rich milord she will come back to Pisa, and seek out her old servant, and say to the handsome, beautiful young husband, 'This is my old Nicolo, that brought me up!' Ah, carina mia," cried the old fellow, laughing and crying, and applying the red handkerchief first to Innocent's cheeks and then to his own; "that will be a magnificent day to look forward to! The young milord will say immediately, 'Nicolo shall be the maestro della casa; he shall live and die in my service.' Ah, my beautiful signorina, what happiness! I will go with you to England or anywhere. You were born to be our delight!" cried Nicolo, carried away by his feelings, and evidently imagining that the *giorno magnifico* had arrived already. Innocent, however, did not follow these rapid vicissitudes of feeling. All was going away from her; the room, the walls seemed to turn slowly round, as if they would dissolve and break up into vapor. The very dumbness of her heart made this vague sense of misery the more terrible; she could say nothing. She could not have told what she felt or what she feared; but all the world seemed to be dissolving about her into coldness and darkness and loneliness; the cold penetrated to her very soul; she was miserable, as we may imagine a dumb animal to be, without any way of relieving itself of the confused pain in its mind.

Niccolo, after a while, became alarmed, and devoted himself to her restoration with all the tender kindness of his race. He rushed to the trunk, and got out the old mantle, in which he wrapped her; he put the scalding into her hands, he brought her wine, and petted and smiled her back into composure. He carried the largest scalding in the house, full of the reddest embers, into her stony bedroom. "It is not the cold," he said to himself, "it is the sorrow, poverina! poverina! Let no one say after this that she has not a tender heart." And when she went to bed, Niccolo staid up all night—cheerful, yet sad—to finish the packing, to set everything straight, and to leave the apartment in such order that the Marchese Scaramucci might have no grievance against his tenant, and as small a bill of repairs as possible. Good, kindly soul; he was rather glad though on the whole that tomorrow he was going to the new master, who was rich, and kept a number of servants, and who, being a milord, might, perhaps, be cheated now and then in a friendly way.

And next morning Innocent's old world did break up into clouds and vapors. For the last time she stole over to the little church in the dark morning, and said the Lord's Prayer, and then sat still, looking at the little altar, where this time the candles were lighted, and a priest saying mass. The mass had nothing to do with Innocent. Her imagination was as little awakened as her heart was. If she thought of anything at all, it was, with a sore sense of a wound somewhere, that Frederick had left her, that he had not come near her, that he was happy away from her; but all quite vague; nothing definite in it, except the pang. And then Santa Maria della Spina, and the high houses opposite, and the yellow river below, and the clustered buildings about the Duomo, and all Pisa, in short, melted into the clouds, and rolled away like a passing storm, and the new world began.

What kind of a strange phantasmagoria world this was, full of glares of light and long stretches of darkness; of black, plunging, angry waves, ready to drown the quivering, creaking, struggling vessel, which carried her and her fortunes; then of lights again wavering and dancing before the eyes, which were still unsteady from the sea; and once more the long sweep of the railway through the night, more darkness, succeeding and succeeding each other like the changes in a dream—we need not attempt to describe. It was four days after their start from Pisa, when her strength was quite worn out by the continuous and unusual fatigue both to body and mind, her nerves shaken, and all her powers of sensation dulled, when, shuddering at the sight, she came again to the short, but angry, sea, which had to be crossed to England. It was not a "silver streak" that day. There are a great many days in the year, as the traveler knows, in which it is anything but a "silver streak." In short, few things wilder, darker, more tempestuous and terrible could be conceived than the black belt of Channel across which Innocent fought her way in the Dover steambot to where a dark shadow lay upon the edge of the boiling water—a shadow which was England. For a wonder she was not sea-sick. Frederick, whose self-control under such circumstances was dubious, had established her in a corner, and then had left her, not coming near her again till they entered the harbor, which was no unkindness on his part, but an effort of self-preservation, which the most *exigant* would have approved. He had been very good to her on the journey, studying her comfort in every way, taking care of her almost as Nicolo had done, excusing all her little misadventures with her hand-bag, and the shawl she carried over her arm. He had let her head rest upon his shoulder; he had allowed her to hold his hand fast when the steambot went up and down on the Mediterranean. These days of fatigue had been halcyon days of perfect repose, and confidence in her companion. The poor child had never known any love in her barren life, and kindness, which she did not know either, seemed in her eyes something heavenly, delicious beyond power of description. It had never been possible for her to cling to any one before, and yet her nature and breeding both made her dependent, and helpless in her ignorance. Frederick appeared to her in such a light as had as yet touched nothing else in earth or heaven. Her heart woke to him and clung to him, but went no further. Her eyes searched all the dark figures on the deck in search of him, when self-preservation drove him from her side. She gazed blankly at the cliffs rising through the fog, at the lights blown about by the wind, which shone out upon the stormy sea, and the bustle on the shore of the crowd which awaited the arrival of the steamer. All that she felt was again that ache (but slighter than before) to think that Frederick liked to be away from her, chose to leave her. He was all she had left of reality out of the dissolving views into which the past had broken up; she might be dreaming but for him. When he came to her side at last in Dover Harbor, she caught at his arm and clasped it, and stood close up to him, holding on as to an anchor in the midst of all her confusion. Frederick did not dislike the heavy claim thus made upon her. The girl was very young, and almost beautiful in her strange way. She was ice except to him. She had thrown herself into his arms the first time they met, and a certain complacency of superiority which was very sweet, mingled with the sense of protecting and sustaining

care with which he looked upon the creature thus entirely dependent on him.

"Now the worst of our troubles is over. Two hours more, and we shall be home."

Innocent made no answer. She did not think at all of home; she merely clung a little closer to him, as the only interpreter of all the vague and misty wonders which loomed about her. They were just about to step out of the boat, she always clinging to him, when Frederick heard himself called in a coarse but jovial voice, which at first bewildered him with surprise before he recognized it, and then gave him anything but a pleasant sensation.

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Eastwood," it said. "Horrid passage, sir; a thing not to be endured if one could help it. I've been as sick as a dog, and, judging by your color, so have you."

"No," said Frederick, coldly; but it is not easy to be politely calm to a man who has you in his power, and who could "sell you up" to-morrow if he liked, without benefit of clergy. He shivered as he replied, feeling such a terror of the consequences as I should vainly attempt to describe. It was like the death's head at the feast, suddenly presenting itself when his mind was for the moment free from all dread of it. He turned round (though he had recognized the voice) with supercilious surprise, as if he could not imagine who the speaker was.

"Oh, Mr. —! You have been in Paris, I presume, ever since I saw you there?"

"Just so," said Batty; "and some jolly evenings we've managed to have since, I can tell you. Not your way—unlimited, you know, but in moderation. By Jove! your way was too good to last. Made out your journey comfortable, eh, Mr. Eastwood? Got a companion now, I see?"

Oh, how Frederick blessed that companion for the opaqueness of her observation, for her want of interest in what was done and said around.

"Yes, my cousin," he said, in a quiet undertone; and added, "Now I must get her into the train, and find a place for her. I am sorry I have no time to talk to you just now. Don't be afraid that I shall forget the—the business—between us."

"No, I don't think you will," said Batty, with a horse-laugh. "You couldn't if you would, and I shouldn't let you if you wanted to. And by the way," he said, keeping them back for the wished-for landing, "I recollected after I left you that I had never given you my address. Stop a moment; I'll find it directly."

"I will come back to you," cried Frederick, desperate, "as soon as I have placed this lady in the train."

"Just a moment," said the man, pulling out his pocketbook. "I have your address, you know. There I have the advantage," he added, with a leer into Frederick's face.

"Let me pass, for heaven's sake," he cried, bursting into involuntary entreaty.

"Here it is," said Mr. Batty, thrusting a card into his hand, and with a chuckle, he turned round to some people behind, who were with him, and let his victim go.

Frederick hurried his silent companion on shore in a tumult of miserable and angry feeling. It was the first time he had felt the prick of the obligation under which he lay. He did not make the kind and pleasant little speech which he had intended to make to Innocent as he led her on to English soil. It had been driven out of his head by this odious encounter. Heavens! he thought, if it had been Nelly instead of Innocent!—and next time it might be Nelly. He hurried the girl into the train without one word, and threw in his coat, and went off to get some brandy to restore his nerves and his courage.

"Hallo, Eastwood!" some one else called out to him; "bless my life, how green you are; been ill on the crossing—eh?"

This is not a confession which the young Englishman is fond of making in a general way; but Frederick nodded and hurried on, ready to confess to anything, as long as he could be left alone. The brandy did him good—driving out the shuddering cold, and putting some sort of spirit into him; for, indeed, it was quite true that, in addition to the mental shock, he had been ill on the crossing, too.

Innocent had paid no attention to this colloquy; she received into her passive memory the voice and face of the man who had addressed her cousin; but she was not herself aware that she had done so. She was grieved when Frederick left her, and glad when he came back in a few minutes to ask if she would have anything.

"No; only if you will come," she said, putting out her hand. That was all she thought of. A kind of tremor had taken possession of her—not of expectation, for she was too passive to speculate—a thrill of the nerves as she approached the end of her journey. "You will not go away from me when we get there?" she said, piteously. What, with his disagreeable acquaintances, and his too clinging charge, poor Frederick had enough on his hands.

"Of course, I shall not go away; but, Innocent, you must put me in the second place now," he said, patting her shoulder kindly as he sat down beside her. The answer she made was to put her hand softly within his arm. I don't think Mrs. Eastwood would have approved of it, and Frederick found it rather embarrassing, and hoped the old lady did not observe it, who was in the other corner of the railway carriage; she dozed all the way to town, and he did not know her; but still a man does not like to look ridiculous. Otherwise, it was not unpleasant to himself.

And then Innocent's bewildered eyes were dazzled by a blaze of lights, and noise, and crowding figures. Out of that she was put into the silence of a dingy cab, and left there, feeling unutterably lonely, and not at all sure that now, at the last moment, he had not forsaken her, while Frederick was absent looking after the luggage, that dismal concluding piece of misery after a long journey. By the time he came back to her she was crying, and sick with surprise and terror. And then came a last quick drive, through gleaming lights and intervals of darkness, by shop-windows and through dim lanes, till at last a door flew open in the gloom, sending forth light and warmth, and two figures rushed out of it, and took her passive into their arms. She held Frederick fast with one hand while she gazed at them. This was how she came home.

(To be continued.)

"We have before us a copy of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, containing a beautiful picture of the Pythian parade held in Louisville on the 21st of last month. It is an exquisite sketch, and perfectly accurate even in its minutest details. We know of nothing which has lately happened that will do more to advance the reputation and knowledge of our Order than this inimitable picture. So well and truly has the artist performed his work, that we can almost imagine we recognize the various persons as they march along.—*The Pythian Record* (Louisville).

The representatives of European Powers have decided to apprise the Spanish Government of their belief that their Governments will decline diplomatic relations should a federal republic be proclaimed.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### The Fete at Cairo at the Marriage of the Prince Royal of Egypt.

We gave an illustration, in our last issue, of the first day's festivities at Cairo, Egypt, beginning January 17th, and lasting over a week. These were in honor of the marriage of Prince Mehemet Thendik Pasha, eldest son of the Khédive, with a Princess. On the evening of the 18th the grand *fete* took place at the Palace of Ghezireh. It was like all state balls—a reunion of from four to five thousand persons, more or less decorated, who talk silly commonplace or diplomacy, gorge themselves with solids and liquids, and tire themselves out with dancing, retiring when the festivities cannot be prolonged. A curious ceremony took place on the morning of the ball. A procession was formed, with a band in front, of footmen, who carried the presents up and down the streets, finally winding up with a flourish at the gates of the Palace, into which the gifts were taken, and kept on exhibition. In order to show the seclusion and utter ignorance of their destiny in which the ladies of the harem are kept, it is only necessary to quote the remark made at the ball by the Princess Mohammed Pasha, who is soon to marry Prince Hussein. Addressing a European lady with whom she was acquainted, the Princess said, "Please tell me when I am going to be married." It was only by an accident that she found out *when* she was going to marry!

### Dragging for Oysters at Trégulier, North of France.

Trégulier is a small town in the Department of the North, France, about seven leagues from the sea. It is situated at the confluence of the Jandy and the Gurdy, both of which rivers contain oyster-beds, famous for their flavor and delicacy. The oyster trade of Trégulier is large, but it is not entirely free. There are several governmental restrictions, such as fixing the time when the fishing for the oysters shall proceed. There are commissioners appointed for this purpose, who, after visiting the old beds and prospecting for new ones, indicate what beds are to be dragged, when, and how many boats are to be employed. It is on the 31st of January that the fishing season for oysters commences, and on that day the whole town presents a gala appearance, and the banks of the rivers are crowded with spectators. The rivers are jammed with boats, and how the fishing proceeds is a matter of surprise. The port of the town is also crowded with fishing smacks and coasting vessels ready to convey the delicious mollusks to the large cities and market towns. Our illustration represents the operation.

### The Paris Claqueurs' Rendezvous.

The claqueurs of Paris constitute a distinct class—a profession, regularly organized, and under the direction of a *chef-de-claque*, whose orders are supreme. It is astonishing to what an extent this business has grown, and what a power it has become. Sometimes it is able either to make or mar a play, and is ever ready materially to assist the success of a piece or prevent its total failure. Now, there is a *claque* at every large theatre in Paris and the provinces. The *chef-de-claque* gets the lion's share, sometimes receiving ten thousand francs for a single night's performance. He has a regularly graduated scale of prices. He will contract for wholesale or retail applause—for instance, he will applaud the company in a chorus, for instance, or the leading singer. Sometimes he is hired by the manager, and then applauds the scenery, the setting, the stage business, if he can. Sometimes the leading singer employs him, and then he endorses her "arias." Sometimes the composer fees him, and then he applauds some melody or fine dramatic situation. Sometimes the entire company fee him, and then he applauds them. Sometimes the leading *dansesuse* hires him, and he cries "Bis, bis!" where she executes some difficult *paz*. The necessity of a *claque* arises from the fact that the public has grown too lazy to clap, and is content to let others, do for them what they do not feel like doing for themselves. A skillful *chef-de-claque* ought to follow, not lead, public opinion—and thus, in reality, lead. To know how to stop applauding in time is one of the great difficulties of the art, and can only be acquired by long practice and experience. To bravos, encores, and cries of "Bis, bis!" are sometimes added what are called, in the profession, "*Oua, oua, oua*!" a confused murmur or hum of delight, of restrained enthusiasm. The illustration we give shows the rendezvous at a *café*, in the Rue Favart, of the claqueurs of the Grand Opera House.

### Festival of the Boudins, in Brittany.

In the majority of the French provinces, the day for killing the first hog on a farm is made by the peasants an occasion of rejoicing and feasting. In lower Brittany the Feast of the Kings was the time chosen for the *Fête des Boudins*, as this culinary solemnity is called, and an illustration of which we give. The hog is killed with great ceremony, and all the owner's kinsmen are invited, after the curé of the village has had his share, to eat the blood-puddings which are hung up, strung together, and picked one by one until they are exhausted. The statue of St. Antoine is exposed at the entrance to the cemetery, where a young boy stands ringing a bell to invite the passers-by to deposit their offering, to which appeal all respond, and in a short time the statue is covered with springs of blood-pudding. This is the point illustrated in our picture.

### New Prussian Army Exercise.

Prussia is bending every energy toward perfecting her military organization. Not content to rest on their laurels, the Prussian staff officers are from time to time devising some new and terrible engine of war, and imagining some manœuvre to afford their troops additional protection, or embarrass and annoy the enemy. In Germany, where there are innumerable gymnasiums to develop the physique, and where shooting-matches are frequent, extended and popular, it is not hard to find strong, hardy men and good marksmen, who can easily be transformed into very effective soldiers. But the recruits are not allowed to remain idle, even in time of peace. They are constantly on the alert, incessantly drilled, and compelled to go through innumerable exercises, manœuvres, marches and countermarches, so that the physical system is kept in the highest state of development. The idea of the exercise of shooting at movable targets, which we illustrate, is, that it trains the eye to be quick and certain.

### Traveling in Spain—A Railway Train Attacked by Carlists.

One of the occurrences just now frequent in unfortunate Spain is here pictured. Traveling through the country, you find the mass of the people honest, sober, and peaceable; yet for months past there has been a paltry civil war smoldering in the northern provinces. It has been alleged that the continuance of the Carlist insurrection is ascribable to the Government of King Amadeus fearing to denude the cities of troops lest the Republicans of the towns should rise in revolt. Perhaps now the Carlists may be treated more energetically. It is difficult to feel much sympathy for them. Their deeds seem very similar to the deeds of brigands. They pounce on villages and levy tribute. But their chief exploits are performed on the railways, by attacking the trains with such persistency, that for a time they succeeded in disconnecting Barcelona with the French frontier, thus necessitating the forwarding of the mails by the circuitous route at the western end of the Pyrenees. Similar rascalities are committed in the

south. Recently, a band of thirty or forty men seized a small station called Zancara, on the Madrid and Alicante Railway, and locked up all the employes. When the train from Alicante arrived, the Carlists compelled the passengers to keep their places, beat the guard severely for his tardiness in obeying their orders, and then made off with \$20,000, partly Government and partly private property. Another gang on the lookout for the same train were so annoyed at being forestalled in their booty, that out of pure devilry they stopped a goods' train, tore up rails, and ran the engine into the embankment.

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The health of President Thiers has been fully restored.

The Iowa Press excursions this year will be made to Niagara Falls.

It is rumored that Senator Nye is to be Minister to the Heavens Chinese.

The son of the late ex-Emperor Napoleon has recently visited Queen Victoria.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR is said to intend becoming a New Yorker next year.

MR. SUMNER was in his seat in the Senate recently, looking much better than usual.

THE Marquis of Bute is reported to contemplate an American tour during the coming Summer.

JOHN EVELYN DENISON, VISCOUNT OSSINGTON, late Speaker of the English House of Commons, is dead.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has been discussing the subject of Sabbath-trading with London dealers.

THERE is promise of an early and very large meeting in London in favor of amnesty for Fenian prisoners.

THOMAS HUGHES, M. P., has succeeded the late Professor Maurice as Principal of the Workingmen's College in London.

MR. JOHN BLACKIE, JR., late Lord Provost of Glasgow, and partner in the well known publishing house of Blackie & Sons, is dead.

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE COCKBURN wanted an earldom, and therefore would not accept the baronetcy offered to him by the Government.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, M. P., is about to publish in French, German, and English, simultaneously, a history of the Franco-Prussian war.

TIMOTHY BISHOP, the oldest living graduate of Yale College, and for many years in the West India trade, died lately at New Haven, aged 95.

THE North German Lloyd's Company, which already has a fleet of sixty-five steamships, intends to establish a new line direct from Havre to the West Indies.

THERE are 1,100,000 lives insured in the United States, at an average of about \$2,700 each. This vast business is divided chiefly among seventy odd companies.

THERE is a rumor that the Princess Louise has gone to a religious retreat, and that the Marquis of Lorne has "gone abroad." Incompatibility of temper is the reputed cause.

THE Comte de Chambord, in a letter to a friend, says he will gladly receive the Comte de Paris, if the latter declares to him, "Cousin, I acknowledge you to be the sole depositary of the Monarchy."

THE representatives of the Burmese Government, after visiting Italy, Austria, France, and England, recently left London on their homeward journey. The cost of this mission was more than \$150,000.

SPAIN puts our Western States to the blush by adducing the case of one Salvador Calero, who, at the age of 150, not only retains good sight and muscular activity, but is particularly noted for the voracity of his appetite.

THE proprietor of the Montreal *Witness* is under commitment for libel in permitting the publication of a temperance diatribe against a gentleman who had wine on his table at a private entertainment given to the Governor-General.

THE men on strike in Merthyr-Tydvil, Wales, have resolved to go back to work on the masters' terms for two weeks, and trust to the masters' honor for an advance of wages for the third week. It is probable that this action will bring the long strike to an end.

THE Canadian Parliament has assembled at Ottawa, and unanimously elected the Hon. James Cockburn Speaker. The Hon. John O'Connor has been sworn in as Minister of the Land Revenue of Canada. It is understood that Mr. T. N. Gibbs will be appointed President of the Council.

ROCHEFORT's name was upon the list of prisoners to be sent to New Caledonia by the vessel *L'Orne*, that sailed last month, but was removed at the latest moment. Some testimony in his favor has been given by President Thiers, and upon it his friends base hopes for his pardon.

THREE HUNDRED liberal Catholics have united in an address to Père Hyacinthe, urging him to resume the pulpit at Geneva. The Father has made a favorable reply, saying that he is willing to preach to those who are resolved not to surrender to either ultra-montanism or unbelief.

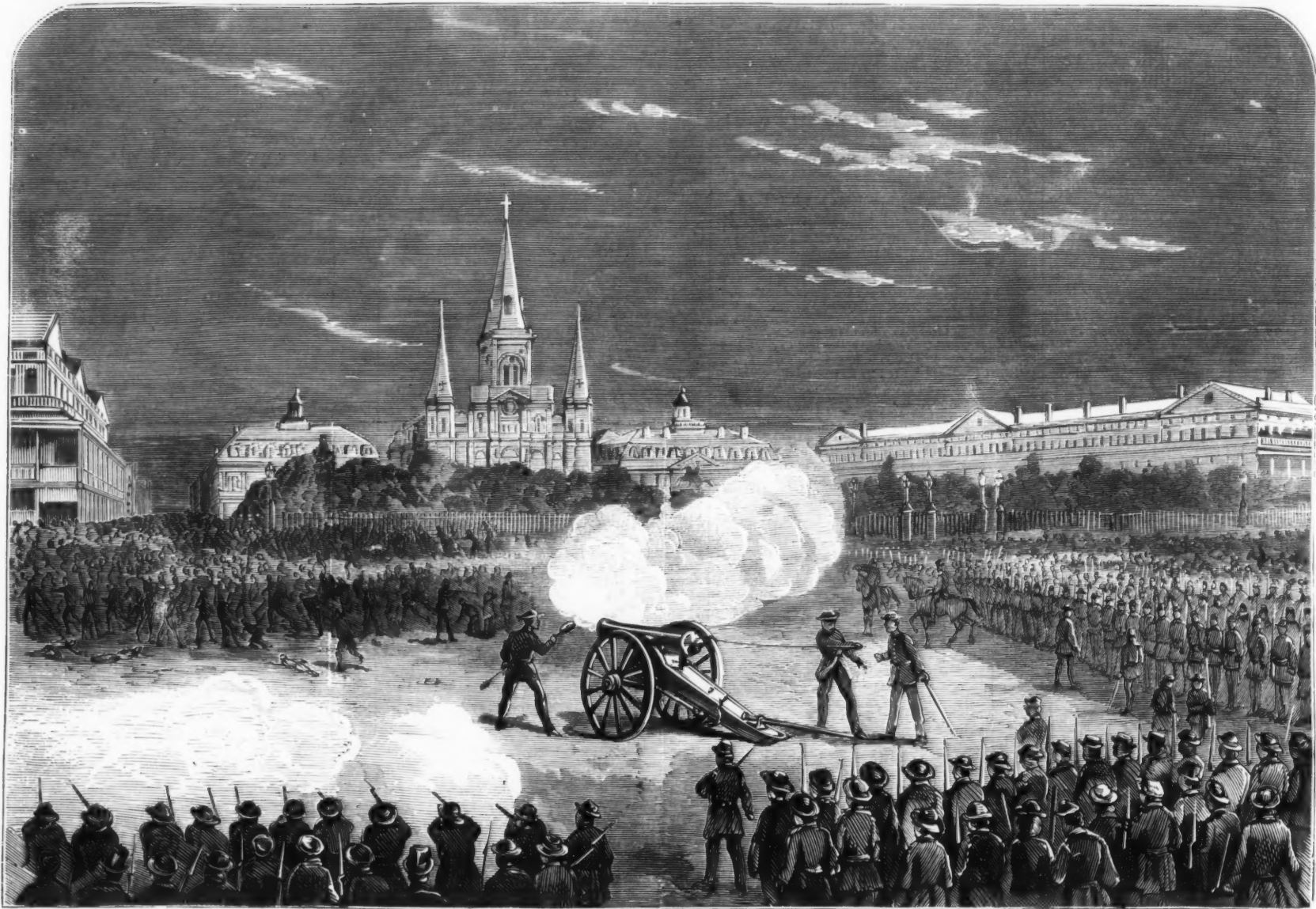
At a late meeting of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, resolutions were unanimously adopted congratulating Professor Tyndall on the success of his visit to the United States, and expressing satisfaction that America had been enabled to share with England the advantage of his scientific instruction.

THE Comte de Paris recently said to Sir Henry Hoare, M. P., that the only Monarchy possible in France was a constitutional one, which to be stable should, as in England, be based on the hereditary principle. He would not oppose the candidature of the Comte de Chambord, but if the Comte de Chambord refused to accept constitutional conditions from the French nation, the situation would then be changed.

A DINNER was given at the American Legation, Berlin, in honor of the inauguration of President Grant. Minister Bancroft presided. At his right sat Prince Bismarck. The Diplomatic Corps was represented by its principal members. Among the distinguished guests were Count von Philipborn and Herr von Greist, Director of Universities. The toast to "The President of the United States" was offered by Prince Bismarck, and Mr. Bancroft gave "The Health of the German Emperor."

MR. JAY, United States Minister at Vienna, furnishes the following information: "The Exposition trials of agricultural machinery—the most interesting for the United States—are announced. They will take place on the Leopoldsdorf estate, 18 miles from Vienna. They will commence with bores, root-cutting, chopping and crushing machines, on the 18th of June; grass-mowers, reapers, tedders and rakes, on the 25th of June; for rye, wheat, barley, pasture and clover, with 305 English acres, and for practice 30 acres; threshing-machines, straw-cleavers, corn-cleaning and sorting machines, on the 14th of July. Material will be given for several hours' work. Steam-plowing, sowing, harrowing and rolling-machines, on the 20th of July. Horses and oxen will be furnished at tariff rates; also steam-power."





BLOODSHED AT NEW ORLEANS—THE POLICE FIRING ON THE MILITIA AND RIOTERS IN JACKSON SQUARE.

## TROUBLE IN NEW ORLEANS.

## SCENES DURING THE RIOT.

THE recent startling occurrences in the "Crescent City" have awakened the most intense interest throughout the country. The details of those unpleasant events were given in our extra edition published last Saturday, but the illustrations in this issue present the principal features of the riot.

The story of the *émeute* runs thus: About half-past nine o'clock on Wednesday evening a squad of militia moved down Royal Street, and emerging into the Plaza in front of the St. Louis Cathedral, fired into the station-house. The fire was returned from the building, a ball grazing General Ogden's shoulder. The militia retreated, but in twenty minutes were reinforced by some three hundred men. Pickets were then stationed at the intersection of Royal with Toulouse, St. Peter with St. Ann, at the head of St. Peter Street, and at the corner of Chartres and St. Ann Streets. There was also a guard placed at the corner of Chartres and Toulouse Streets.

After the first brush the station-house was closed and bolted. The stores of Mr. P. Durand, J. Gailfaux, and L. E. Lee, containing arms, were broken open by the militia and the contents appropriated. At about a quarter to ten p. m. General Badger, with three companies of police, numbering eighty men each, and one piece of artillery, formed at the corner of St. Louis and Chartres Streets. The piece was soon after limbered up and taken down the street, the police marching by fours. When they reached Toulouse Street the firing commenced, a raking fire being delivered from the corner of Jefferson Street. The police returned the fire, but in confusion, and had some difficulty in unlimbering the piece. There was a continuous musketry firing for about fifteen minutes, when at last the gun was got into position and discharged twice down Chartres Street.

This created some indecision in the ranks of the



GENERAL EMORY'S HEADQUARTERS IN NEW ORLEANS.

militia, who fell back momentarily, but quickly rallied, and resumed firing.

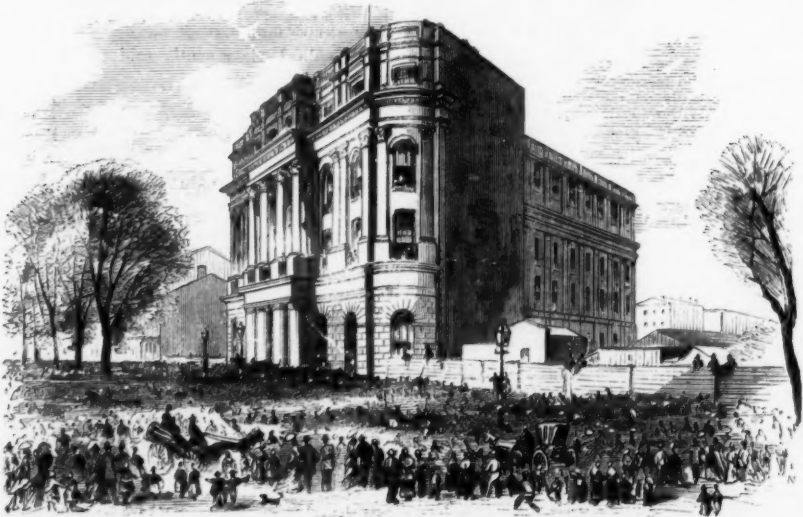
A final shot was discharged from the gun, and the militia retreated into Jackson Square, the police remaining on Chartres Street, between Toulouse and St. Peter Streets. At ten o'clock the militia were being rapidly reinforced from all quarters of the city, the squad moving in the direction of Jackson Square. So far as known, one man was killed and eight wounded on the side of the militia. Only one casualty is reported among the police—a man being slightly wounded in the arm.

The fight in Jackson Square, which resulted in the dispersion of the militia by the police, is powerfully depicted in our engraving. The police are seen working the howitzer, and their squads drawn up behind keep up a galling fire of musketry on the rioters.

The other pictures show the United States General Emory's headquarters: the scene in front of the Mechanics' Institute, which was the centre of the excitement; and the little sketch of the Metropolitan Police Headquarters presents a view of that place when reinforcements for the men already in active service were leaving it.

The further account of this sad affair is as follows:

Lieutenant King, of General Emory's staff, arrived on the scene of action at the corner of St. Peter and Levee Streets at half-past ten o'clock, and asked for the commander of the mob. Some one informed the officer that this was not a mob, but real citizens of New Orleans. Colonel Ogden and General Waggaman coming up, the United States officer informed them that he came from General Emory, and had orders to request the militia to disperse, adding, at the same time, that General Emory had received instructions to that effect from Washington. Colonel Ogden responded that he would order the men to retire and disperse immediately. He requested that Mr. Bond, who held a position in the Court buildings, would be permitted to pass through the lines with his men. The officer said he would merely submit this request to



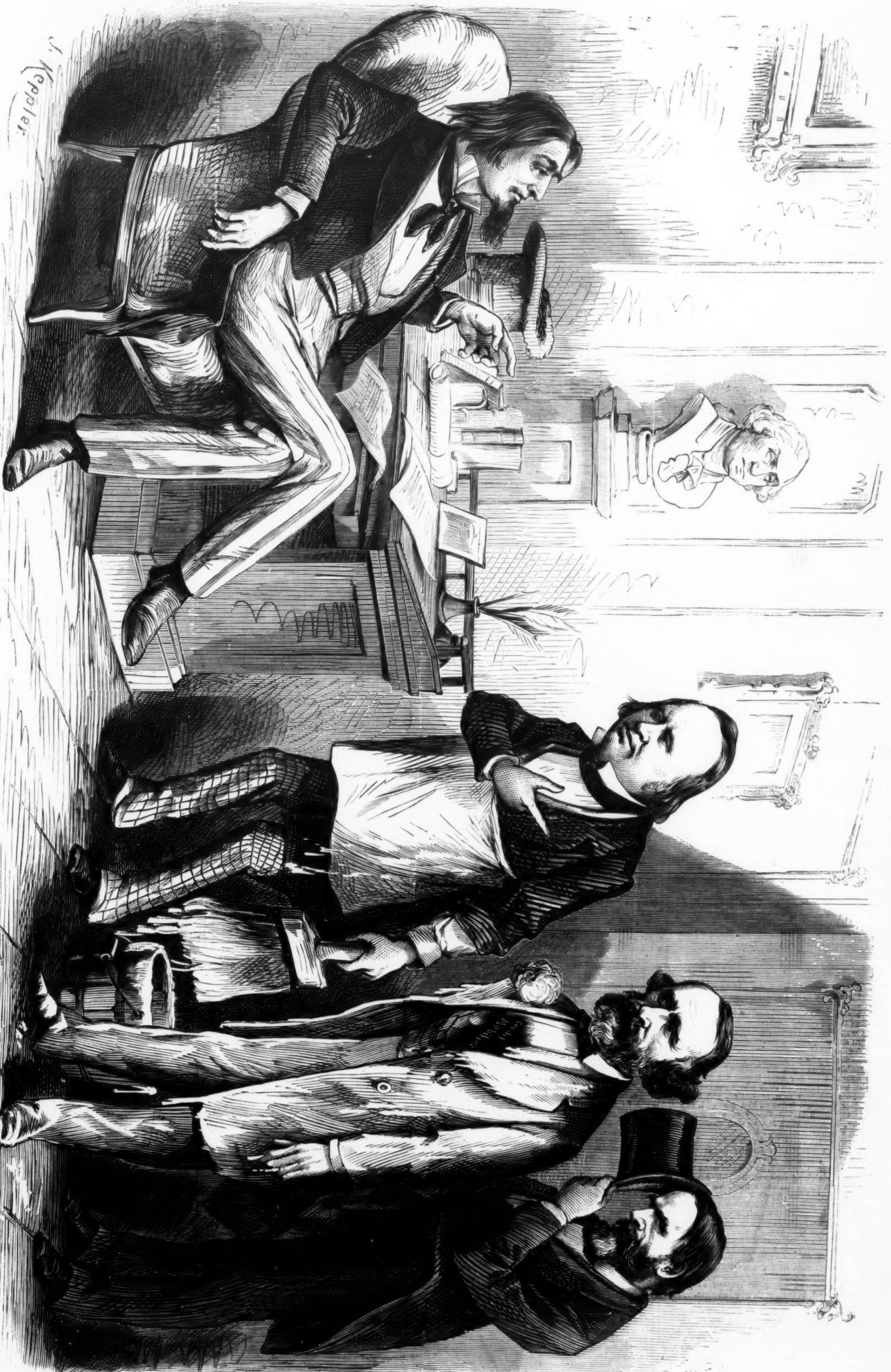
SCENE BEFORE THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, DRYADE STREET.



REINFORCEMENTS LEAVING THE METROPOLITAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS, CORNER OF CARONDELET AND GIRARD STREETS.

LOUISIANA SCENES DURING THE RIOT AT NEW ORLEANS.





USCLE SAM: "All right, my friend; but, you see, that black stain on your man  
totally disfigures and spoils him for my honorable service."

# CANDIDATES FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATORSHIP.

II. W—: "Oh, sir! it won't make much matter—people won't see it by-and-by."

USCLE SAM: "Maybe so; but I like the other young man better."



the commander of the police. Colonel Ogden went down and endeavored to have Mr. Bond released, but his efforts were of no avail.

About this time General Waggaman, commanding the militia, was met by General Smith, of the United States Army, in front of the Cathedral. General Smith requested General Waggaman, in the name of the United States, to disperse, which the latter at once complied with, remarking at the same time to Smith, "Despite your courtesy, I cannot say that I am glad to meet you, since it appears that I am destined to have that pleasure only in the capacity of a prisoner." It will be remembered that General Waggaman surrendered the Armory to this officer last December. Afterward the crowd gradually dispersed and left the police in quiet possession of the buildings. The action of the United States troops was taken in obedience to the following telegram:

"GENERAL EMORY'S ORDERS FROM WASHINGTON.—WASHINGTON, March 5th, 1873.—General W. H. Emory, Commanding Department of the Gulf, New Orleans, La.:—The President directs you to prevent any violent interference with the State Government of Louisiana. Acknowledge receipt. W. T. SHERMAN, General."

The Seventh Precinct Station was recaptured by the Metropolitan at half-past two o'clock next morning. General Badger, with fifty men and one piece of artillery, reached the station, and, making a detour to the rear of the building, advanced toward it, and sent Officer Murphy to demand its surrender. Before the officer reached the Police Station, the attacking party were received with a volley from shot-guns of perhaps seventy-five men, and immediately returned the fire. The men on duty retreated, and the police rushing in, captured the station and seven prisoners.

It was then ascertained that Mr. K. Chandler, a citizen, had been mortally wounded, a ball having penetrated his abdomen. Another man, named Ernst Lirandais, was struck in the arm with a buck-shot. Chandler was conveyed to the drug store opposite the station, where a physician attended him. No hope is entertained of his recovery, the attending physician expressing the opinion that death was momentarily to be expected.

At half-past three o'clock all was quiet. The police at that hour retired to the upper portion of the market-house, leaving a strong guard on duty.

About fifty citizens or militia who participated in the affray were arrested, charged with violating the Act of Congress passed April 20th, 1871—Section 2 of an Act to enforce the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and for other purposes, Vol. 17, United States Statutes at Large.

They were taken before a United States Commissioner, and released on \$1,000 bail each.

The city is very quiet, and it is believed no further demonstration will be made while the United States troops remain in charge.

By the latest advices before going to press we learned that the Legislative Committee appointed by the McEnery Legislature to prepare an address to the people have done so. After reviewing the circumstances which led up to the present difficulties, the document closes thus:

"We, therefore, urge our fellow-citizens to give us their quiet support and encouragement in our endeavors to support and put in operation this government, not by violent resistance to the authority of the United States, but by a firm and united opposition to any and every act of the usurping government of Kellogg and his confederates. In view of the great disasters of our State, resulting from political troubles, we have been disposed to make large concessions and compromises to secure peace and good government to Louisiana, but all propositions of that character have been haughtily rejected by the usurpers, emboldened by the countenance and support extended to them by the Federal Executive. Nothing is now left to the free and honest citizens of this State, who elected us and our associates, but to rally with renewed earnestness and devotion to the defense and support of the *de jure* and lawful government. With their approval and support, we have an abiding confidence in the eventual triumph of our cause and the recognition by a just and honorable national administration of the equal rights of Louisiana as one of the glorious Union of this great republic and confederacy. Dishonor, the reproach and disfavor of the people, and self-abasement, must attach to all who, having once assumed the position so clearly pointed out as that of duty and manhood, shall abandon the same, or shrink from any responsibilities and obligations."

Signed by Governor McEnery and the Legislative Committee.

## "WRECKED!"

OR,

### THE ROSCLERRAS OF MISTREE.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—ALONE WITH THE DEAD.

MIDNIGHT struck from the silvery tongues of the clocks in the chateau, and though the most profound quiet reigned over the building, few of the members of the family had forgotten their various troubles in slumber.

Julie was lying on the bed in her own apartment, too worn out with sorrow to do more than lie passive, conscious that she suffered, but too exhausted, both physically and mentally, to give her agony of mind visible expression. Though she had felt a warm affection for her aunt, it was not of her she thought, but of Victor—Victor whom she loved, and from whom she was now separated, she felt, for ever. Her thoughts followed him wistfully, and, if there is any truth in the theory of psychological sympathy, he must have felt at that moment that her spirit was hovering round him.

It was, indeed, strange, but still a fact, that not even in Dorion was sorrow for the death of Mrs. Bellerose the strongest agitation that shook his soul at this hour. Certainly, he felt the dead weight of that grief weighing down his heart like a mountain of lead, but, at the same time, his mind was actively employed on another subject; and so strong was the mental disturbance that possessed him, that, though he kept watch in the chamber of the dead, he never ceased for hours to pace to and fro the silent room, as though he had been indeed alone, and the form, lying in such calm and infinite beauty on the bed, had been, not the corpse of the mother he had adored, but some stone molded into a representation of humanity by the chisel of some sculptor, king amongst his fellows. It seemed as though he dared not trust himself to glance toward her; and, in fact, such was the case.

Rosetta had sought him on his return to the chateau, and, no longer able or willing to bear the burden of the secret partially revealed to her by Mrs. Bellerose, had told him all with which she was acquainted, conscious that by so doing she could not, at least, injure the dead, and fearful lest her conduct regarding the emeralds should stain her character if it became known to him through the notary or the physician.

She did not pause or hesitate, but, in the rapid,

clear language of which she was capable, she told him all, beginning with the circumstance of the rosette found by Drift in the cottage of Dame Tregar, not vailing the dim suspicions that had disturbed her, and describing to her astounded listener the release of 'Fram from the lookout-tower, her own determination, if possible, to arrive at a knowledge of the secret between Mrs. Bellerose and the Tregars, and a minute detail of the events that had transpired between herself and the earl's mother.

Dorion listened to Rosetta at first in utter bewilderment, and then in concealed agitation. He offered no comment—in fact, remained utterly dumb as she spoke, and when she concluded, and left him with a faint courtesy, he remained gazing at the door through which she had gone, unable either to think or speak. His brain was in a whirl, and it was not until the notary's voice sounded in his ear, and the notary's lean fingers clutched his arm, that he regained with a start anything like mastery over himself.

The notary was covered with dust; the perspiration streamed from his brow, and his visage was that of a very angry man. He had not heard of the sudden death of Mrs. Bellerose, and, with the growl of a diminutive tiger, he shook Dorion's muscular arm to attract his attention.

"Come," he said, with glittering eyes, "I see you, milord, whole before me. Where have you hidden the body of that unfortunate madman, Monsieur Victor?"

Dorion passed his hand over his forehead, and looked at the notary without being aware of the import of his words.

"Answer me," cried Bouchon, gathering the worst conclusions from his utter bewilderment of manner—"answer me for the sake of heaven, and say that you are innocent of his blood."

In a few words Dorion explained to the notary the circumstances of his meeting with Victor, and, with a sigh of relief, the notary sank into a chair.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed. "What ridings up and down I have had this day! Oh! milord, if you had had the goodness to explain your intentions to me this morning, I would have been enabled to stay at home, and put my whole heart and soul into the search for this old Therese and her goblin of a follower. Now, doubtless they have made good their escape altogether."

The notary groaned at the idea, and Dorion, with a sharp ejaculation, sprang to his feet.

"Not a moment must be lost!" he exclaimed, with so much agitation, that the notary stared at him in astonishment. "Monsieur Bouchon, I don't care if it costs me half my fortune; those wretches must be secured."

The notary shrugged his thin shoulders.

"Your money could hardly urge me on so sharply as a thirst for vengeance does!" he said. "I left some directions on the subject with Monsieur de Grace."

Dorion turned suddenly and frightfully pale.

"He has left the house," he said, slowly. "My mother is dead, monsieur."

Bouchon was a keen observer, and the terrible expression of Dorion's countenance as he uttered these words was not lost upon him. Conscious that the dreadful agitation in his mind was shown vividly in his face, he turned suddenly away, not, however, before the notary had had time to make this mental comment:

"Holloa! milord; there is far more than mere grief in that countenance."

The notary hardly knew Mrs. Bellerose, and it was not to be expected that his condolences should have more than a mere polite regret in them. They were polite, concise, business-like, and soon concluded, the more so that Dorion waved his hand impatiently, and seemed eager to have them over. Before they parted, it was arranged that an instant, vigilant, and thorough search should be entered on for the missing pair; and, while Bouchon, shaking off his fatigue, plunged *con amore* into the preparations for the undertaking, Dorion, for the first time, turned his steps toward the chamber where his mother lay, and he did not leave it again for many hours.

Thus it happened that, when the hour of midnight struck, the chateau was deserted by every man and boy about the place, all of whom had joined in the search, while the notary had sent a dispatch to the *maire* of Chartres, demanding a *posse* of *gens d'armes* to aid in the arrest of a man guilty of destroying the property of Mademoiselle Soulanges, of assaulting her *femme de chambre*, and who was suspected to be lurking in the neighborhood in order to commit further depredations. Nothing was said to the *maire* about Therese, but to every man engaged in the search the notary gave a minute description of the old woman, with strict orders to secure her at any risk. The *gens d'armes* had not yet arrived, and, of course, the person of Therese was well known to the servants of the chateau, and, as she had been regarded by them with mingled feelings of terror and dislike, they were well inclined to join in pursuit of her.

Dorion could not outrage appearances so far as to join in the search, and while his head and heart throbbed with wild impatience to wring from the old wretch the secret which she held in her keeping, he was forced to remain inactive, eating his heart in silence. I cannot undertake to portray the blinding whirl of thoughts and feelings that agitated him in these hours of solitude, during which he never once dared to uncover the face of the dead and gaze at its familiar beauty under its new and awful aspect.

Such men as Dorion live only in so far as no blight touches their honor. Give them love such as would die for them, wealth in a golden stream, bind the laurel and bay of external dignities about their brows, and if that sensitive virtue be touched by so much as a passing mist, all the rosy and desired fruits of life, lying in such profusion at their feet, turn to Dead Sea fruit, and the biting canker eats their hearts and lives away.

Dorion's very heart sickened at the idea that some horrible guilt or shame was connected with the secret between his mother and the Tregars gathered force within him, and at length, as the weary hours rolled by, became a conviction. His mind was not naturally of a reflective order. He was no logician, but now with startling distinctness the most trivial events of the last few months placed themselves in array before him, and he found himself connecting them by the subtle links of Reason with a clearness at which he shuddered. He knew, and writhed under the knowledge, as only a man of that calibre could writh, that the honor of the house had sustained some tarnish, but how, or in what direction, he could not conceive. Well, if Therese or Dame Tregar were alive he would force the secret from her. Perhaps, and he caught at the hope eagerly, it might be something that could be remedied.

But what could remedy the wound that bled afresh every time his glance rested on the form of his dead mother? She had reigned a spotless queen, high and pure as the stars, in the very sanctuary of his heart, the noblest woman that ever trod the earth, his standard of all that was beautiful in soul and body, and now through her his pride was to receive a deadly wound, the silver shield of his stainless honor to be tarnished by the breath of

scandal. He could not trust himself to look at her face, but standing and looking down at her, as she lay, sharply outlined under the linen that covered her, the bitter words broke from him in his great agony of mind:

"Oh, my mother, it is a good thing that you are dead!"

It struck him with a strange sense of consolation, the very fact that she had died under the agony of this terrible secret.

"She could not live under the consciousness of guilt," he said to himself. "I do not know what the temptation or the sin was, but I do know that her high soul revolted at it as soon as committed. Had she been capable of living still serene, proud and beautiful, I would have hated and scorned her as I cannot now."

His face softened, and he stretched out his hand with a vague intention of unavailing the dead face. It fell again to his side.

"Not yet," he said, turning away. "I cannot yet train myself to look at her."

He stood for some time motionless, his eyes fixed on the floor, and was only roused from his stupor of grief and other varied emotions by the pealing of midnight by the clocks in the chateau.

"I wonder has Bouchon returned yet?" he muttered. "I must go and see."

Urged by some impulse for which he could not account, but which he afterward remembered, ere he left the room he paused beside the bed, and, raising the sheet, gazed for an instant on the face of the dead. That sweet and holy smile which comes but once to the human countenance was dawning on its perfect beauty, and for the first time the unalloyed grief natural to a man in such a position filled his soul, and as he bent and kissed the lovely brow, he remembered but two things—that she was his mother, and that she was dead.

In another moment he had left the room, closing and locking the door behind him.

Hardly had his footsteps died away down the corridor, when the door mentioned before gently opened, and the gaunt form of Therese stole into the apartment. Her haggard face was frightful in its pallor, and her step was rapid and stealthy as she advanced, leaving the door open behind her. Without pausing to more than glance at the form on the bed, she sprang to the toilet on which the casket glittered, and secured it in a strong linen bag hanging at her side and concealed from observation by the dark folds of a long cloak which enveloped her from head to foot.

She looked eagerly round to ascertain if there was any other booty on which she could lay her hands: a purse lay on a little stand, but, disdainful so trifling an addition to the rich plunder she had already secured, she hastily seized one of the wax tapers burning on the toilet, and, rushing to the bed, applied the flame to the drapery. She waited but to see that the subtle flame ran creeping along the dry cloth, and then she sprang from window to window, leaving behind her as she ran wreaths of yellow smoke and quivering tongues of flame, darting hither and thither, and throwing their cruel tendrils round every object within reach.

Already the room was full of the suffocating fumes of the scorching drapery, the red glare of the unquenching flames, and pausing for an instant to see that her work of destruction was in progress of accomplishment, Therese retreated by the door through which she had entered, closing and locking it carefully behind her.

She had not been altogether five minutes in the apartment.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—RESCUED FROM THE FLAMES.

ABOUT the hour of one, Monsieur Bouchon and his company of searchers, returning exhausted from an unavailing beating of the woods, caught sight of a moving blackness in a *bosquet* close at hand. To rush pell-mell on this lurking shadow and drag it into the moonlight was but the work of an instant, and with a shout the party recognized the very person of whom they were in pursuit.

Yes, Therese had managed everything very adroitly, but there is a point at which Satan quietly deserts his friends and leaves them to their own resources, and it is at this point that murderers are discovered, thieves caught, and criminals of all kinds found out; and it was at this point that Bouchon's quick eyes detected the old woman as she stole from the chateau with her booty.

She uttered no cry when she found herself detected, but stood glaring round on them with the yellow eyes of a wild beast, and when the notary thrust his triumphant and grinning countenance close to hers, she gave him a mighty blow between his twinkling eyes, which extracted from him a yell of extreme anguish, and left him with visible marks of her strength for many days. The commotion caused by this little event distracted the attention of the party, or they might have observed the stout form of the vinegrower, as with the agility of a cat he disappeared amid the trees, on observing the capture of his accomplice for whom he had been waiting; as it was, he utterly escaped their notice.

"Ah!" ejaculated the notary, recovering himself with a gasp, and regarding Therese with a most furious expression, "thou ancestress of all the devils, I have caught you at last!"

The old woman looked at him with a diabolical smile. She held up her skinny hand like one of the Witches in "Macbeth."

"Look!" she said.

The party was only separated from the chateau by a single belt of trees, and as she spoke their shadows suddenly lay along the ground black as ebony in a sea of scarlet light. It faded, it died, it rose again in a magnificent and ominous effulgence. A hoarse roar suddenly struck the dewy stillness of the night, and suddenly the bell of the chateau rang quick, clear, startling. The faces of her captors turned white, and they would have rushed to the chateau, leaving her to consummate her escape at her leisure, but the voice of the notary detained them.

"This woman," he said, "is a murderess. For nearly thirty years the blood of her victim has gone unavenged. A thousand francs for those who keep her securely for the guillotine!"

The face of Therese became livid even in the red light pouring on her from behind the trees, but to the astonishment of Bouchon she turned suddenly on him.

"Come!" she said. "I am ready. Come!" she added, furiously, seeing that they paused and gazed at her in astonishment. "Are ye going to stand gazing while the chateau burns to the ground with all in it? I'll not lose ye your thousand francs, ye poor wretches!"

Closely surrounded by her guard, Therese was hurried in the direction of the chateau, and no sooner had they emerged into full view of it than a frightful yet beautiful scene burst on their gaze.

The whole of the southern wing of the building was wrapped in a sheet of rose-colored fire, fading at the points of the tongues of quivering flame into pale gold and purple. The soft, sighing breath of the night was deepened by the attraction of the fire to a swift, sharp wind, that drove the fiery flame over the facade of the building, like surf breaking over a rock. The minutest details of the surround-

ing scene were more plainly visible than in the broadest flood of sunlight, and the quick eye of the notary soon discovered that his wife was amid the group of shrieking women huddled together on the steps of the Italian court. Dorion was not visible.

The wild eyes of Madame Bouchon, roving distractedly hither and thither, fell on her husband, as he advanced to her, and with incoherent cries of "My Bôbô, Mam'selle Julie, my Ophelia, save them, save them!" the poor lady sunk on the ground in merciful insensibility, while a wild chorus of shrieks, prayers and lamentations rose from the female domestics by whom she was surrounded.

With one glance the notary saw that the flames were gaining head in a manner as rapid as it was frightful, and at the same moment he perceived that unless immediate action was determined upon, the whole building would fall before the conflagration. There was, he remembered, an engine for irrigating the lawns and gardens during the continued droughts of Summer, and inadequate as he felt it to be, he instantly ordered it out, and was promptly obeyed by the men who accompanied him.

The fountains on the terraces, flinging up blood-red spray in the light from the burning building, left no scarcity of water to be dreaded, and soon a shower of spray was playing against the front of the building. Anxiety for the fate of those within the chateau drove every other feeling from the bosom of the notary, and quite forgetful of his captive, who during this scene had remained perfectly passive, he summoned one or two of the younger men, and dashed into the chateau, leaving Pierre and the older ones to conduct the play of the engine.

The hall was full of smoke, but as yet the fire was confined altogether to the upper portion of the southern wing, and Bouchon and his followers met with no opposition from the flames as they sprang up the wide staircase, although the billows of smoke they encountered nearly blinded and suffocated them.

Every one of the little group knew that Mam'selle Soulanges, the helpless Ophelia, and the infant, were in the burning wing, and they understood that the salvation of these three lives depended altogether on their daring, courage and endurance. The form of the notary seemed absolutely to dilate, as the heroism that was natural to him asserted itself, and with a cry of "Courage, my children!" to the active fellows who followed him, he precipitated himself into the corridor so often mentioned as leading to the apartments occupied by those now in such deadly peril. He flung himself in, to be driven back like a feather before a rolling volume of densest smoke, threaded with stinging flame, that poured down its entire length, while a momentarily increasing crackling and roaring told what havoc the flames were making in the wing.

A cry of terror and dismay broke from the men, and, for a second, it seemed that all was lost. If the unfortunate beings were yet alive, who could reach them through a sea of fire?

"Foiled here!" cried the notary. "Our only chance now is from the outside."

As they turned to descend, a sudden shout broke on their ears from the group at the engine, followed by the shrill wail of the women, and fearing, he knew not what, the notary rushed into the air.

The play of the engine had succeeded in checking the flames for an instant, and in that instant a terrible sight had revealed itself to those below.

At the window of an apartment next to that in which the fire seemed to revel most furiously stood a young woman, in her white nightdress, pallid, motionless as a corpse, and holding, tightly clasped in her beautiful arms, the form of an infant. Terror seemed utterly to have deprived her of even the power to cry aloud, and though the flames had not made much headway in the room in which she was, it was plain that as she stood at the open window the next sheet of fire driven across would scorch and destroy her if she did not retire. They shouted to her to stand back, but in vain, for she seemed indeed frozen to the spot. Her large eyes were fixed on the child, and the shouts of those below had no more effect on her than on a marble image.

"Work away, my braves!" roared the notary, nearly distracted with anxiety; "keep back the flames while we bring ladders."

With redoubled energy the men resumed their task, while a ladder was hastily placed against the window-sill, which fortunately it was of sufficient length to reach, but despite the most vigorous efforts, just as it touched its resting-place, a scathing sheet of fire was driven across it, and at the same moment a fearful shriek burst from the young woman, whom it must have scorched cruelly in its passage.

A cry burst from the lips of the crowd below, now swelled by such of the neighboring rustics as had seen the glow of the burning chateau to a considerable group, and was answered by another and yet another cry of anguish and terror from the girl who apparently, for the first time, fully aware of her peril, crouched beside the window, her wild eyes glaring in the red light, her thin robe nearly scorched from her beautiful shoulders, which had been touched by the passing flame.

At this moment a rush was made by the excited men to the ladder, when a shrill voice exclaimed:

"Back, dogs! it's only the Lord of Rosclerra that must save those in whose veins his own blood runs. Ha! ha! my lord, there stands your cousin's widow! Save the Countess of Rosclerra and her child if you can!" and Therese strode forward, pushing the volunteers aside like chaff, so that Dorion, who had come rushing up, pale with horror, might have free access to the ladder.

He heard the loud words, and though they beat on his brain like the iron clang of a mighty bell, his step never faltered, and staying but to see him place his foot on the first rung of the ladder, the notary rushed to the back of the chateau, crying out:

"Mam'selle Soulanges is yet to be rescued!" confident that Dorion would save the unfortunate girl or perish in the attempt.

With sinking hearts the notary and his companions made their way round to the back of the southern wing, and a cry of relief burst from their lips as they perceived that, though volumes of smoke were rolling from the windows, the flames had not yet penetrated from the front. The glow in the front of the building threw a deep shadow on the little lawn below the windows, but something white, lying in a confused heap under one of them, instantly caught the keen eyes of the notary.

He touched it. It moved with a faint, moaning cry. It was Julie half suffocated with smoke, and clasped in the iron grasp of Victor, who lay beneath her, his eyes closed in death or unconsciousness, and his leg bent under him in such a manner as to show that it was badly broken.

With a faint whistle of astonishment, the bewildered notary gazed for a moment on this unexpected little bit of still-life, and was perfectly dumb, while he motioned his companions to lift them from the ground.

"A hundred thousand angels, and a million of devils!" he ejaculated, as he turned away. "What am I to think of this?"

A shout of joy caught the ears of the notary as he hastened back to the facade, where the fire was beginning to throw a less intense glare. In fact, it



had yielded somewhat to the efforts of the crowd, who had not ceased their exertions for an instant. He saw the revived Madame Bouchon sobbing, laughing, and ejaculating over her beloved Bébé, who lay in her plump arms as calm and placid as if in its silk berceau. He saw Ophelia lying in Dorion's arms, and assured that all were rescued from the burning building, he left Julie and Victor to the care of the women who thronged round them, and turned to seek for Therese. As he had anticipated, she had disappeared.

(To be continued.)

## THE INAUGURATION.

WITH this issue we present a Supplement, containing illustrations of several of the most interesting incidents connected with the Inauguration. These engravings are exact representations of the decorating of Willard's Hotel, the Burgess Corps of Albany at the railway station in Washington; the incidents of the great Inauguration Ball in the temporary building in Judiciary Square; then the scene in the Senate Chamber at the Capitol, where Vice-President Colfax administers the oath of office to the Vice-President-elect Henry Wilson; and, lastly, the Old Guard, with their fair partners, in the supper-room on the night of the ball.

It is proper to add a few words to the full accounts we have already furnished in our previous editions. The military portion of the grand display at Washington has been highly eulogized, special mention having been made of the Boston Lancers. The New York Old Guard and the Cadets, and several other features in the display, were prominently noticed in our telegraphic descriptions of the pageant. The ball was a decided success. Among the distinguished personages present, and active alike in the ball and banquet lines, were Mrs. President Grant, escorted by Mr. Kennedy, of "The Citizens of Washington Committee;" the Secretary of State and his accomplished lady; Sir Edward Thornton, the British Ambassador; General Sheridan; Vice-President Wilson; the Minister from Japan, escorting a Chinese lady, "in the full dress of her country;" the ladies of the Cabinet circle, the Burgess Corps of Albany, in showy uniforms, the Cadets from West Point and the Naval Academy, Speaker Blaine, a large number of Army and Navy officers of all grades, with members of the Old Guard, in full uniform and high feather.

The success of the occasion was not confined to the dancing. The supper helped to make the fête complete. The supper-room adjoined—indeed, was a part of the ball building, being the same in length, 350 feet. The tables extended from end to end. There was no bar to the ingress from the dancing-hall. The seats on the line facing both ways were arranged in sections, eight hundred people being able to step up to the table at once. Supper began at nine o'clock, and was continuous. The "spread" was superb, everything that could tempt the appetite being provided with celerity by a great number of obliging waiters. Hot coffee and hot oysters were in great demand and ample supply, for they served as a good provision against the cold, which penetrated everywhere, and compelled the ladies to take shelter in their wrappings. Some idea of the extent of the supper arrangements may be gathered from a brief enumeration of the chief viands and dishes supplied: 10,000 fried oysters; 8,000 scalloped oysters; 8,000 pickled oysters; 63 boned turkeys, of 12 pounds each; 75 roast turkeys, of about 12 pounds each; 150 roast capons, stuffed with truffles; 15 saddles of mutton; 40 pieces of spiced beef, 40 pounds each; 200 dozen quails, larded and roasted; 100 game *pates*, 50 pounds each; 300 tongues, ornamented with jelly; 200 hams, ornamented with jelly; 30 salmon, baked, Montpelier butter; 100 chickens, hot and cold; 400 partridges, Washington style; 25 boars' heads, stuffed and ornamented; 40 *pates de foie gras*, 10 pounds each; 2,000 head-cheese sandwiches; 3,000 ham sandwiches; 3,000 beef-tongue sandwiches; 30 barrels salad; 1,600 bunches celery; 2 barrels lettuce; 350 chickens boiled for salad; 2,000 pounds of lobsters boiled for salad; 6,000 eggs for salad; 1 barrel of beets; 2,500 loaves of bread; 8,000 rolls; 24 cases of Prince Albert crackers; 1,000 pounds of butter; 300 charlotte russes, 174 pounds each; 200 molds wine jelly; 200 molds blanc-mange; 300 gallons ice-cream, assorted; 200 gallons ices, assorted; 400 pounds mixed cakes, 150 large cakes, ornamented; 60 large pyramids, assorted; 25 barrels Malaga grapes, 15 cases oranges, five barrels apples, 400 pounds mixed candies, 10 boxes raisins, 200 pounds shelled almonds, 300 gallons claret punch, 300 gallons coffee, 200 gallons tea, 100 gallons chocolate.

## CARNIVAL BALL AT LOUISVILLE.

MARDI-GRAS was this year celebrated by the inhabitants of Louisville in true carnival style. In anticipation of the event, a proclamation was issued by King Momus, addressed to "our vaccinated and well-taxed subjects," commanding them to make due preparation for the festivities of the memorable 25th of February, 1873, and requesting the Press disseminators of knowledge to spread the glad tidings throughout his realms. The pronouncement was implicitly obeyed and the result was that the crowd and the display far exceeded the expectations of the managers.

The great feature of the occasion, and which is the subject of our illustration, was the masquerade ball in the evening at Exposition Hall.

A more motley assembly never before gathered in a hall in Louisville. The costumes of many were most ingeniously contrived to represent the various characters they assumed, and there were also some very elegant toilets in the crowd. The caricatures, however, were the most attractive features of the display. There were eight immense bottles with gilded stoppers, and eight monstrous green frogs that danced a quadrille with the bottles; there was a huge Ku-Klux carrying a gallows on his back to which a negro was hung by the neck; the epizootic with the veterinary surgeon was also represented; a chimney-sweep went up the sham chimney; an Italian led a shaggy, black bear around; a faithful old wife carried her husband about on her back; a huge barrel strutted through the throng, stopping now and then to draw a glass of genuine wine from a faucet in its stomach; and there were Indians, negroes, clowns, harlequins, etc., etc., almost innumerable, and all acting well the characters their costumes evidently indicated.

At the south end of the hall a large dais had been raised, and on it sat a huge mud face, with a grinning mouth full of white teeth. On the platform a table had been placed, and two seats for distinguished personages of Prince Carnival's court, while the steps leading up to the platform provided accommodations for the retinue of the monarch. On either side of the platform extended wings so prepared as to represent rocky entrances to caves, and above all were arranged the seats for the orchestra that was to furnish music for the dance. In one corner of the hall was a well-executed sham chimney, made of

planks, painted outside in the imitation of bricks, and at various points around were hung humorous sketches, such as "Crédit Mobilier," in which Oakes Ames is pulling Colfax (who is in a balloon and holds a bag of ballast marked \$1,200) down from the height to which he had been raised in the public estimation. There were other decorations of a similar graphic and satirical description.

After the motley procession had made its circuit through the hall and Prince Carnival had taken his seat upon the throne, there followed a quadrille of the bottles and frogs, dancing together, which was succeeded by a very good display of acrobatic skill, muscle and endurance by professional performers.

The crowd were then permitted to mingle with the maskers, many being greeted by friends in such disguise that it was impossible to know them, even their voices sounding strangely under the circumstances. The mass proved for a long time unmanageable. The fun was at its height, and universal hilarity was the order of the hour. The throng was in too high good humor to care about following the programme strictly, and it was found impossible to clear the space so as to form for the dance. Men, women and children, masked and unmasked, in costume and in plain dress, spectators and participants, all mingled in an almost inexplicable jumble in the space allotted to the dancers.

The utmost hilarity, perfect order and good temper prevailed throughout the fête, which terminated at an early hour in the morning. It is estimated that as many as ten thousand persons were present during the evening, and the receipts will undoubtedly make a considerable addition to the treasures of both the Liederkreis Society and the Exposition Company.

## OUR LOUISVILLE SKETCHES.

## THE BRIDGE AND CANAL.

WE publish two sketches of notable places in the vicinity of Louisville, Ky. They are suggestive of historic memories, and cause one's mind to revert to the days and struggles of the early settlers and pioneers who, as the outposts of civilization, overcame difficulties which seem insurmountable to our modern minds.

The picture of the bridge, sketched by George Kerr, of Louisville, affords a view of that structure—which is a mile and a half in length, and cost \$1,530,000 to complete—and all that remains of the island known as "Corn Island."

Cassidy, in his History of Louisville, relating the adventures of Clark and his party in that region, says: "Clark at length commenced his descent of the Ohio, which he navigated as far as the falls, where he took possession of and fortified Corn Island, opposite the spot now occupied by Louisville." It is only necessary to state here that Clark's success in this expedition was complete and perfect, and that a more brilliant campaign has probably never been carried on by any general. It is estimated that Colonel Clark left in his new fort on this island about thirteen families, when he proceeded on his journey to Kaskaskia. And so brave, hardy and resolute were these pioneers, that, notwithstanding they were separated from the nearest of their countrymen by four hundred miles of hostile country, filled with savages whose dearest hunting-grounds they were about to occupy, and knowing that these relentless savages were not only inimical on account of the invasion of their choicest territory, but were aided by all the arts, the presents and favors of the British, in seeking to destroy their settlements—notwithstanding all these terrifying circumstances, those dauntless pioneers went quietly to work, and, with the rifle in one hand and the implements of agriculture in the other, set about planting, and actually succeeded in raising a crop of corn on their little island. It was thus that "Corn Island" derived its name. And, truly, so bold and heroic an act as this of that feeble band deserves a perpetuity beyond what the mere name of the island will give it. Thus was begun the city of Louisville. A few years since, the island was quite extensive, and contained many large trees and undergrowth. The river (Ohio) has almost washed it away, as will be seen near the bridge, in the centre of the picture. Nothing is left now excepting the small patch. A little while, and nothing will be left of it. The top drawing shows also the mouth or entrance of the canal, looking west. General Weitzell is carrying on immense improvements here.

In the other sketch is shown the canal outlet, looking east. The little village beyond is that in which was born the celebrated "Jim Porter," the giant. He was seven feet eight inches high, and no one ever traveled through the canal without calling upon him. The celebrated Junius Brutus Booth, father of Edwin Booth, died on a steamer whilst passing through this canal. The bridge over the canal connects Louisville with Shippingport.

At least six plots to assassinate the late Louis Napoleon were made. In October, 1852, when Napoleon, who was on the eve of becoming Emperor, was at Marseilles, an infernal machine, formed by 250 gun-barrels, charged with 1,500 balls, was to have been discharged against the prince and his cortège, but the design was not carried out. On July 5th, 1853, a fresh attempt was made to assassinate him as he was going to the Opéra-Comique. Twelve Frenchmen were arrested as concerned in the conspiracy. On April 28th, 1855, Jean Liverani fired two shots at the Emperor in the Grand Avenue of the Champs-Élysées. In 1857, Thibaldi, Bartolotti, and Grilli went from England to Paris to assassinate the Emperor, but were discovered, arrested, tried, and punished. On January 14th, 1858, Orsini, Gomez, Pieri and Rudia threw their shells at the Emperor. On December 24th, 1863, Greco, Trabucco, Impératore, and Scagliani, who had gone from London with the intention of killing the French Emperor, were arrested in Paris.

A GREAT change has manifested itself of late years in the cost of living in those portions of Europe which were once famous for cheapness. Even Switzerland, heretofore the paradise of bankrupts, and of the impecunious generally, has felt the influence of this change. As an evidence of the augmentation in the price of the necessities of life in that country, it was stated at a recent meeting of the Statistical Politico-Economical Society, in Zurich, that, since the year 1850, the net increase in the price of bread has been 50 per cent.; in beef, 100 per cent.; in veal, 150 per cent.; and in milk, 100 per cent. As a result of this increase, a rise in the price of other articles, as well as of labor, naturally follows, and it is not singular, therefore, to learn that in the Canton of Berne a number of newspapers have resolved to increase their price of subscription 20 per cent., on account of the greater cost of paper and labor.

The yellow fever is raging not only at Rio Janeiro, but in many other parts of Brazil, and foreign residents are leaving the country.

## FARMING AMONG RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

AS a general rule, the peasant in South Russia owns seldom over twenty-five or thirty acres, and these he scatters in one or two parcels. No fences or any other signs mark the dividing-line, still every one knows the exact limits of his land. In Great Russia there is a kind of Communism in the proprietorship of land. The community holds the title of all the land, and gives to every inhabitant a certain parcel to cultivate, so that there can be no proletarianism. Every three years the land is changed, so that all may have an equal share in both the good and poor lands. The instruments, with a few exceptions, which the Russian tiller uses are of the most primitive style. The peasant hereabouts raises rye for his own use; flax to clothe himself with; sunflowers and linseed to make therefrom the oils he may need during Lent; wheat and other cereals he sells. Like all shiftless farmers, he leaves everything to nature and chance. He never manures; but seldom plows deeper than a hen would scratch; and still more seldom does he use a harrow. If the crop fails, he pawns everything he has to the Jew, in order to live. Often he will wander away, during a bad harvest, to seek elsewhere the work he cannot find at home. But during prosperous harvests he will demand one rouble as a day's wages, and even at that price labor is scarce, and thousands of Servians and Montenegrins come every year from their mountain homes here to assist the cutting of the grain. All grain is cut with the sickle. The use of scythes is exceptional. A peasant would consider it a mortal sin against his religion to employ a reaper or any other machine in his field. Machinery is being used only on the large estates of the noblemen. The harvest with the sickle being of course slow, it generally lasts over six weeks. The grain is left on the field for about a day or two to dry, as they say; then bound into sheaves of about forty-nine inches in circumference at the band; and sixty of these sheaves are put into a cross which they call a "copp." All figuring is being done on the basis of capps, and not on that of measure.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

It is pleasant to notice that in the British Parliament a vigorous effort is being made for the protection of human life from the inhumanity and cupidity of shipowners and underwriters. Mr. Plimsoll, a member of the House of Commons for Derby, has recently given notice that he would, on the 4th of March, move for "a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of, and into certain practices connected with, the Mercantile Marine of the United Kingdom." In proof of the necessity for such an inquiry, he adduces a great number of startling facts and figures, and in an exhaustive analysis derived from them he reduces the preventable causes of wreck to nine: undermanning, bad stowage, deck-loading, deficient engine power, over insurance—a very significant head—defective construction, improper lengthening, overloading, and want of repair. It is worthy of notice that all of these sources of peril are directly due to the greed of shipbuilders and shipowners, and also that each one of them admits of an easy remedy by legislation. He shows by the returns of the Board of Trade that for the five years 1867-71 no less than 4,490 lives were lost by wreck within ten miles of the coast, and that in 1871, no less than 856 wrecks when the force of the wind did not exceed a strong breeze. Of the vessels which founder at sea no return is made. He tells us from his own experience of a steamship of 1,500 tons which was sent from Liverpool to China, "with only eight deck hands aboard." He tells us of a vessel insured for £1,000 that had cost only £300, of a vessel insured for £500 that was not worth £400, of a vessel bought for £7,500 and insured for £10,000, which went to sea and sank, with every soul on board. He tells us of ships which are made with "devils," or sham rivets, and which literally tumble to pieces, like a house of cards, as soon as they are struck by a heavy sea; and points his charge by the terrible fact that one of Lloyd's surveyors found seventy-three "devils" in one vessel. He brings before us the case of a single shipowner, whose fleet in '66-7 numbered twenty-one sail, and he assures us that this one man has lost since '66-7 no less than ten vessels, of which one has been burnt, one has been abandoned, three have been wrecked, and five have "never been heard of." He tells us of a shipowner who has lost 105 lives in two years, and who is "notorious for the practice of overloading and for a reckless disregard of human life." He mentions a large vessel which was sent into the very east of the Baltic long after the time at which the Baltic season closes, and the lights are removed to prevent their being carried away by the ice; which, being of 872 tons register, was yet loaded with 1,591 tons of railway iron, the most dangerous cargo a vessel can carry; which ought to have had her main deck—she was a spar-decked vessel—two feet at least above the water-line, and had it, instead, two feet ten inches below the water-line; which was carefully insured; and which foundered at sea almost as a matter of course. He says that ships are sent to sea upon their chance of their reaching port, which any Government inspector would at once condemn; and—which is worse—that over-insured ships are habitually sent to sea with a deliberate intention that they should be lost. The Press of Great Britain has most warmly seconded the proposed inquiry. The *Observer* says that some of the charges "imply a wickedness so horrible that it is our duty to disbelieve them altogether until they are fully proved," and the *Times* deduces from the *exposé* that "the risk of unseaworthy colliers going to the bottom constitutes an element in the present monstrous price of coals in London, and the shipowners denounced by Mr. Plimsoll reimburse themselves at our expense, rather than at that of the underwriters as a body. As for the poor sailors, they may be drowned without detriment to the pocket of anybody, and, as 'dead men tell no tales,' a total loss may sometimes be less embarrassing than a partial one."

## SCIENTIFIC.

QUININE is found to possess, in a very marked degree, the property of preventing certain forms of decomposition, and of checking putrefaction and alcoholic fermentation. Herr C. Binz believes, from his recent researches, that it is capable of arresting putrefaction in the blood.

ACCORDING to some experiments by Herr V. Griessmayer, one part of a solution of sulphite of lime added to one thousand parts of beer will prevent the beer from turning sour. The salt may be prepared by passing sulphurous acid gas into water in which powdered marble is suspended.

Les *Mondes* informs us that M. Jordery renders paraffin oil as thick as honey, by means of a vegetable powder (*saponaria*), and thus prevents the liability of its causing fire, without, in any way, interfering with its properties, as it can be rendered fluid by the addition of a few drops of strong acetic acid.

The utilization of the slags in iron-works has long been most anxiously sought for. The following promises well: Blast-furnace slags are granulated at Osnabrück, Germany, by allowing the molten stream from the tap to flow into water from a suitable height, in the same way as lead is converted into shot in towers.

The slag is used for filling in between railroad sleepers, and also in the manufacture of concrete, and, if it contains considerable alumina, is ground and converted into alum.

ENAMEL FOR COPPER COOKING VESSELS.—To enamel the inside of copper cooking vessels in which acid fruit and vegetables are cooked, and thus prevent the formation of the so-called "verdigris," the following method is recommended: Twelve parts of white fluor-spar, twelve parts unburnt gypsum, and one part borax, are finely powdered, intimately mixed, and fused into a crucible. The fused mass is then poured out, and after cooking is rubbed up to a paste. The copper vessel is to be coated inside with this preparation, applied by means of a brush, and the vessel put in a moderately warm place, so that the coating may dry uniformly; after which it is subjected to a gradually increasing heat, till at length the preparation fuses. On cooling, the vessel is found to be protected internally by a white, opaque enamel, adhering very firmly to the copper, not chipping off by ordinary knocking and rubbing, and impervious to vegetable acids.

## NEWS BREVITIES.

THE Piegan Indians are again on the war-path.

It is rumored that the Carlist leaders intend to raise a loan.

THE impression grows in London that Don Carlos will succeed.

THE British Cabinet refuses to recognize the Spanish Republic.

THE report that the French are in trouble in Algiers has been contradicted.

THE House of Representatives has passed a Bill giving members \$7,500 a year.

THE Spanish Government has concluded not to contract a new loan at present.

PRESIDENT THIERS has recognized the belligerent rights of the Carlists in Spain.

THE Germans of this city have entered a protest against the proposed new charter.

GOVERNOR DIX has suspended the execution of Foster, the murderer, until the 21st inst.

MR. HIRAM FULLER is organizing an American club for members of both sexes in London.

THE garrison of San Roque, Andalusia, have attempted an insurrection in favor of Don Carlos.

MR. A. H. RICE has been appointed Commissioner from Massachusetts to the Vienna Exposition.

RUSSIAN officers have departed to Asia, and the campaign against Khiva is to commence at an early day.

THE rumored separation of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne is not yet believed in England.

THE new King of the Sandwich Islands is expected to come with Admiral Pennecook on a visit to the United States.

THERE is a woman named Burnham in the Bank of England frauds case, and she was arrested with \$13,570 in gold.

FROM St. Petersburg it is announced that the budget of the Russian Empire for the financial year 1873 will show a surplus.

It is reported that Captain Jack and his Indians have accepted the Government proposition to remove to Angel Island.

GENERAL SICKLES has communicated to Senor Castelar the congratulations of the United States Senate upon the establishment of the Spanish Republic.

At a recent meeting of the Directors of the Samana Bay Company, reports of the progress of improvements at Samana were received, a flag adopted, and also a seal.

THE Department of State at Washington is in receipt of information that no fines on American vessels in Cuba are to be enforced until approved by the Intendente.

THE Spanish Cortes are still discussing the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico. The first act of the Constituent Cortes will probably be the emancipation of slaves in Cuba.

THE reported defeat of the Bill dissolving the Spanish Assembly and ordering elections in Spain and Porto Rico for the Constituent Cortes, is declared both untrue and absurd.

THE motion in the English House of Lords that all treaties with foreign powers be presented to Parliament six weeks before ratification was negatived without a division.

THE Havana *Tribuna* says that a pressure is being exercised in some of the interior towns upon Spaniards to prevent them proclaiming freely their liberal or republican ideas.

PRESIDENT THIERS has reaffirmed in the French Assembly his determination to maintain the compact of Bordeaux. The preamble of the constitutional project was adopted by a vote of 475 to 199.

FRAUDS upon the Bank of England to the amount of \$2,000,000 have been discovered. The perpetrator who has forged the name of Rothschilds, and that of other great houses, is said to be an American.

In a special dispatch from Berlin to the *London Times*, grave doubt is expressed of the ability of France to give guarantees sufficient to secure an early evacuation of French territory by Prussian troops.

GERMAN authorities propose to amend the treaty between Germany and the United States, that Germans who return home and remain two years shall rate as having renounced their American citizenship.

THE British House of Commons recently called on Mr. Gladstone for an explanation of the story that the United States had obtained a large sum in excess of actual losses at Geneva. Mr. Gladstone's denial of the statement was received with cheers.

THE Spanish Government is in sore straits. The Carlists are becoming more powerful and aggressive. The Infante Alfonso has been enthusiastically received at St. Quirce. The army is reported disorganized, and desertions from its ranks are said to have taken place in various parts of the country. The Republicans are greatly excited, and demand a dissolution of the Assembly.

MR. WILSON, United States Minister to Mexico made an official visit to President Lerdo on the 10th of February, carrying to him the congratulations of President Grant on his (Lerdo's) election to the Presidency. President Lerdo said that he hoped the friendly relations existing between the countries would remain for ever.

MARSHAL SERRANO is said to have been appointed Dictator of the Spanish Government. The Marshal is 73 years of age. He assisted to overthrow Espartero in 1843; was exiled after the rising at Saragossa in 1854; Ambassador to Paris in 1857; Captain General of Madrid, June, 1865; joined Topete in insurrection at Cadiz in 1868; President of the Council of Ministers in the provisional government, October 8th, 1868, and was made Regent of Spain on the 18th of June, in the year 1869.





NEW YORK CITY.—ITALIAN STREET MUSICIANS, AFRAID TO GO HOME WITHOUT THE REQUISITE PENNIES, SLEEPING UNDER A CART.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MATT. MORGAN.

#### ITALIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR MASTERS.

**T**HE Italian street musicians' masters are ever cautious, cunning, suspicious, and on the alert for an evidence of dissatisfaction or treachery on the part of the children. They watch them by night

while asleep; they exercise a strict surveillance over them by day. In every well-organized family there is at least one female, a crone of the utmost brutality of expression, who, conveniently disguised, perambulates the city, unrecognized by the children, and at night has a pretty heavy score against the unsuspecting wanderers. Not only the masters, but the females, in addition to their other self-imposed

duties, make daily forages upon the markets for food.

"What," was asked of an informant, "do you consider the greatest cause of complaint?"

"It's the food, sir. It's bad in quality, the worst that can be cooked up, and is not half enough for the hungry ones."

"Where does it come from?"

"Every dirty place. You see, while we are out playing, the masters spend the day about the markets, wharves and grocery stores. With their hooks and bags they gather all the cabbage-leaves they can find thrown away; then the potatoes that have rotted, and the apples, and all such things, with which to make soup."

"Where does the meat come from?"



NEW YORK CITY.—THE ITALIAN CHILDREN'S MASTER GATHERING SCRAPS FOR SOUP.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MATT. MORGAN.



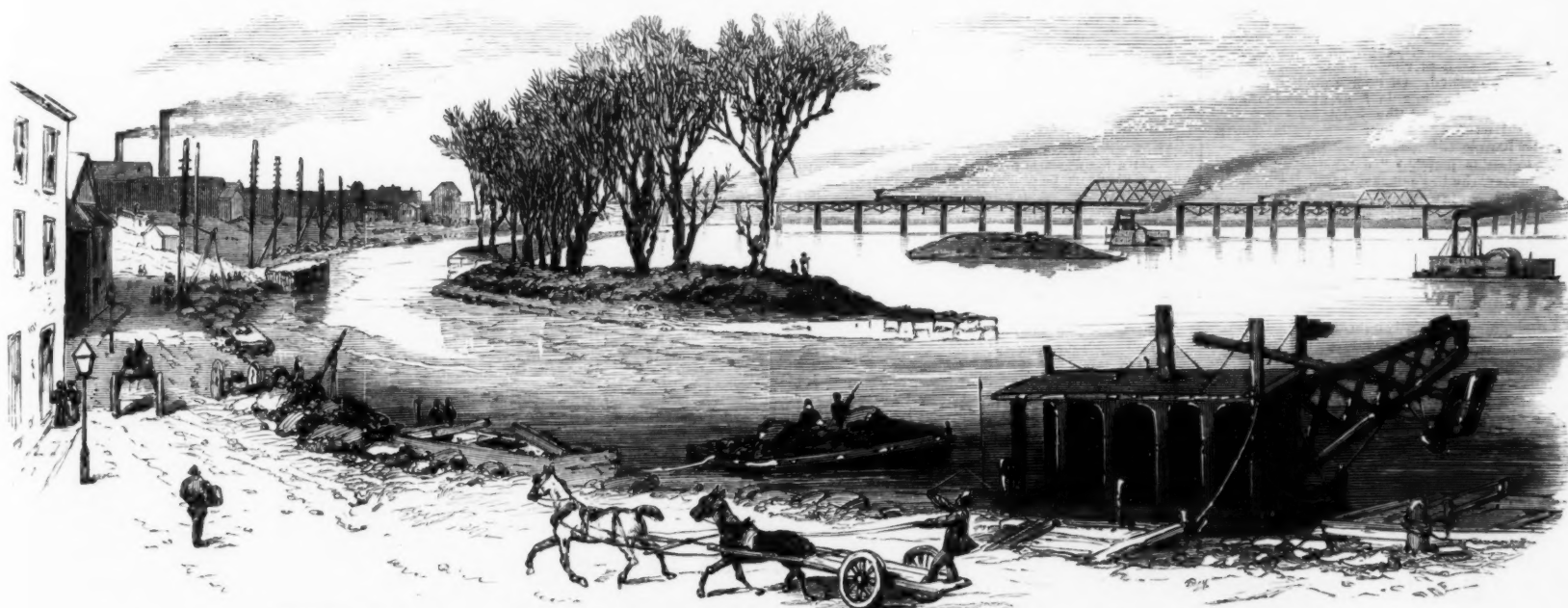
NEW YORK CITY.—THE ITALIAN CRONE PREPARING THE EVENING MEAL.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MATT. MORGAN.

ITALIAN STREET MUSICIANS AND THEIR MASTERS.

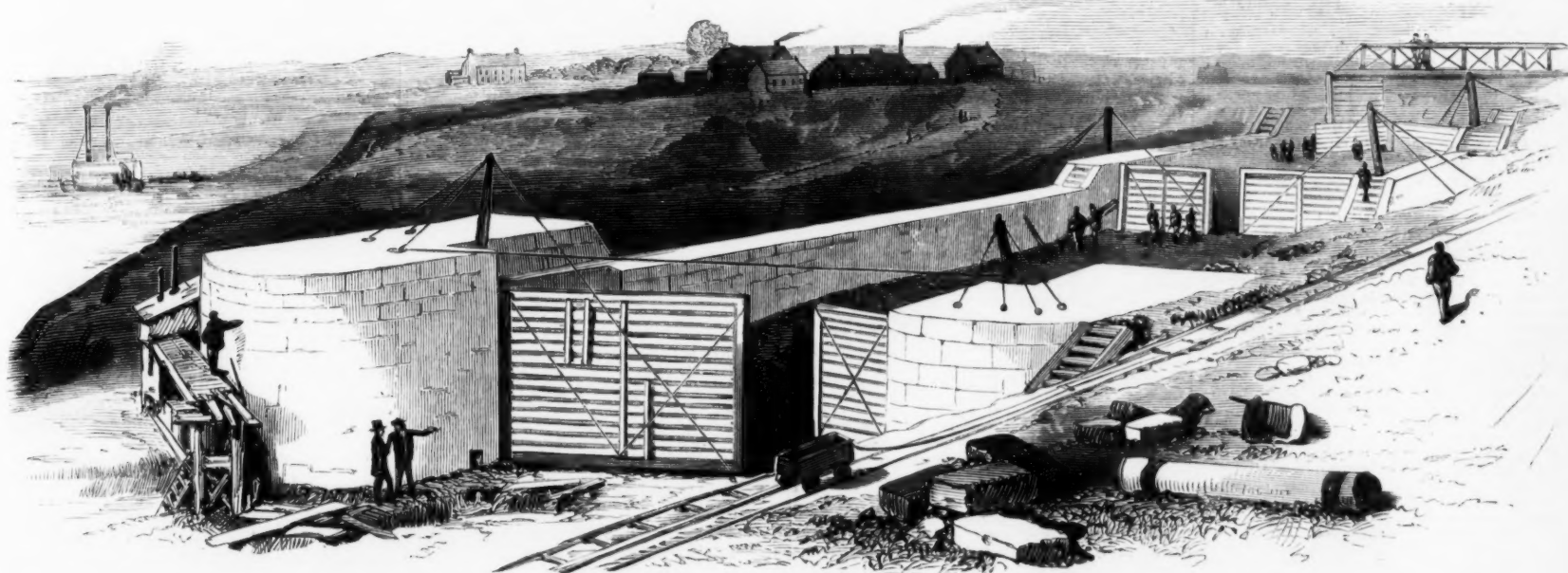




KENTUCKY.—THE CARNIVAL—MARDI-GRAS BALL AT LOUISVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE KERR, JR.—SEE PAGE 27.



KENTUCKY.—ENTRANCE TO THE LOUISVILLE AND PORTLAND CANAL, LOOKING WEST.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE KERR, JR.—SEE PAGE 27.



KENTUCKY.—OUTLET OF THE LOUISVILLE AND PORTLAND CANAL, LOOKING EAST.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE KERR, JR.—SEE PAGE 27.







## LADIES' OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT.

### Lady's Trousseau "C" for \$250.

6 Muslin Chemises.....	@ \$2.25	\$13.50
6 Linen Chemises.....	@ 4.75	28.50
1 Bridal Set (3 pieces).....	@ 20.00	20.00
6 Pairs Muslin Drawers.....	@ 2.25	13.50
6 Pairs Linen Drawers.....	@ 3.50	21.00
3 Plain Cotton Skirts.....	@ 2.25	6.75
3 Tucked Cotton Skirts.....	@ 3.00	9.00
3 Tucked Cotton Skirts.....	@ 3.50	10.50
1 Undershirt.....	@ 6.50	6.50
3 Muslin Night Dresses.....	@ 4.50	13.50
3 Tucked Cambric Night Dresses.....	@ 5.75	17.25
3 Emb'd Cambric Night Dresses.....	@ 9.00	27.00
2 Embroidered Flannel Skirts.....	@ 7.00	14.00
2 Corset Covers.....	@ 5.00	10.00
2 Dressing Scaques.....	@ 4.75	9.50
1 Embroidered Dressing Scaque.....	@ 7.50	7.50
1 Robe de Chambre.....	@ 17.00	17.00

\$250.00

The whole or any single article of the above outfit may be had upon application, or will be sent C.O.D. by Express. Every article is made in the best manner and from the best materials. Ladies' Trousseau "A" for \$150, and "B" for \$200.

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255, 257, 259 & 261 GRAND ST., cor. Chrystie St.



CAUTION!

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Capital Prize, \$500,000. Only 16,000 Tickets. Total amount drawn, \$1,200,000. One Prize in every seven tickets.

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A Mouse once caught resets the trap for another! Six sent by express for \$3. Sample, 60c.  
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54 & 56 Fulton St., N. Y.  
911-23

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### Pomeroy's Trusses.

Unrivalled for the relief and cure of Hernia or Rupture.  
POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, New York. tf

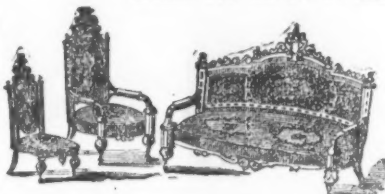
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PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM

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Of any House in the United States, which they offer to Retail at Wholesale prices.

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THESE BATHS are the largest and most complete in the City. They combine the best features of the two most noted and valuable systems of bathing—the Russian and Turkish. The Russian, in the application of vapor, and the manner of cleansing the skin, together with a series of douches and plunges, thus effecting relaxation and reaction, producing a powerful and invigorating effect; the Turkish, in the luxurious shampooing of the whole body.

The use of cold water does not involve such violent shocks as is generally supposed. There is no discomfort attending the process; but, on the contrary, the sensations produced are of so pleasing a nature as to render these baths the means of real luxury.

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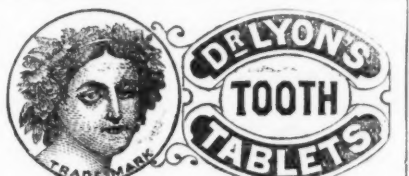
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### S. O. P. Cognac Brandy.

\$7 per gallon, \$1.50 for full-sized bottle (a specialty); old, mellow and fragrant; entire invoice purchased at half its value. Also, all the popular brands vint 1865 to 1795. Also, 21 different brands and grades imported in cases. Old Madeira, \$3.50 per gallon. All the reliable brands of Wines and Liquors, Fancy Groceries, Table Luxuries, etc., etc.

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Self-made Men, Essays, Views of Life Abroad, Architecture, Manners and Customs, History, etc., with Scientific and Useful Notes, make this a most valuable, as it is a most interesting, visitor to any family circle.

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All payments must be made by check, payable to the order of the Union Trust Company, 73 Broadway. The moneys arising from the sale of the stock hereby sold are paid into the Union Trust Company, and cannot be paid out by said Company except upon vouchers showing that the money has been actually and honestly expended in the erection of the Industrial Exhibition Building, or in acquiring title to land.

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A suitable Badge will be adopted for Life, Family and Hereditary members.  
Memberships will not be sold after the Building is open to the public.  
Each purchaser of a membership will be given an Engraving of the Building.  
Banks, Bankers and Individuals are wanted to act as Agents, throughout the United States.  
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**\$25 A DAY!!** Agents wanted. 30 new & useful articles. NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me. 910-22

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**Horace Waters & Son, 481 Broadway, N. Y.,** will dispose of 100 PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS of first-class makers, including Waters', at extremely low prices for cash during THIS MONTH. New 7 Octave PIANOS, modern improvements, for \$250 and \$275, cash. THE WATERS CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. Prices at bargains, for cash. Monthly installments received, running from one to three years. New and second-hand instruments to let, and rent applied, if purchased. Illustrated Catalogues mailed.

**\$72 EACH WEEK.**—Agents wanted. Business legitimate. J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo.

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**FRANK LESLIE'S**

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This Great Comic Paper, which combines *Punch* and *Charivari*, is a Monthly History, Political and Social, of Society. Its great cartoon is a powerful blow at the Juggernaut of the Republic. The Congressional Gallery Slaves are also exposed to the scorn of Public Opinion. Besides forty other biting satires, illustrating the chief points of interest. There are also sixteen pages of the best humorous literature by the first writers of the times, and all original.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSMEN.



TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL  
STATEMENT  
OF THE  
Connecticut Mutual  
LIFE  
INSURANCE COMPANY,  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1872	\$30,745,677 24
RECEIVED IN 1872:	
For Premiums	\$7,715,067 83
For Interest and Rents	2,039,353 16
	\$9,754,420 99
	\$40,500,098 23

## DISBURSED IN 1872.

TO POLICY-HOLDERS:	
For claims by death and matured endowments	\$2,211,991 56
Surplus returned to Policy-Holders	2,906,213 09
Lapsed and surrendered Policies	678,809 91
	\$5,797,014 56

EXPENSES:	
Commissions to Agents	\$586,403 12
Salaries of Officers, Clerks, and all others employed upon Salaries	63,406 38
Medical Examiners' fees	15,142 09
Printing, Stationery, Rent, Advertising, Postage, Exchange, etc.	69,226 45
	734,268 02
TAXES, AND PROFIT AND LOSS	289,153 96

## BALANCE, NET ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1872.

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS:	
Loans upon Real Estate, first lien, value	\$17,652,992 32
Loans upon stocks and bonds, value	298,503 28
Premium notes on policies in force	8,800,037 92
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company	1,139,972 47
Cost of United States Registered Bonds	1,630,836 80
Cost of State Bonds	813,900 00
Cost of City Bonds	2,136,695 00
Cost of Bank Stock	80,205 00
Cost of Railroad Stock	26,000 00
Cash in Bank, at interest	1,034,350 53
Cash in Company's office	26,782 23
Balances due from agents, secured	39,386 14
	\$33,679,661 69

ADD:	
Interest accrued and due	\$975,580 29
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost	214,457 52
Net premiums in course of collection	38,012 71
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums	28,428 92
	1,256,479 44
Gross assets, December 31, 1872	\$34,936,141 13

LIABILITIES:	
Amount required to re-insure all outstanding policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. interest	\$29,050,000 00
All other liabilities	747,053 00
	\$29,797,053 00

Surplus, December 31, 1872	\$5,139,088 13
----------------------------	----------------

Increase of assets during 1872	\$2,957,739 47
Ratio of expenses to receipts in 1872	7.53 per cent.
" " " " 1871	8.12 "
" " " " 1870	8.35 "
" " " " 1869	8.45 "

Policies in force, Dec. 31, 1872, 62,868, insuring	\$181,896,167 00
--	------------------

JAMES GOODWIN, PRESIDENT,  
JACOB L. GREENE, SECRETARY.  
DUNHAM & SHERMAN, GEN'L AGENTS,  
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THE CADETS IN WASHINGTON.  
THE WEST POINTERS RATHER LIKE THEIR SHARE IN THE INAUGURATION.  
THE NAVAL YOUTHS TAKE QUITE ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.

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TO those who wish to REINVEST COUPONS OR DIVIDENDS, and those who wish to INCREASE THEIR INCOME from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company as well secured and unusually productive. The bonds are always convertible at Ten per cent. premium (1.10) into the Company's Lands at Market Prices. The rate of interest (seven and three-tenths per cent. gold) is equal now to about 8-1-4 currency—yielding an income more than one-third greater than United States 5-20s. Gold checks for the semi-annual interest on the Registered Bonds are mailed to the post-office address of the owner. All marketable stocks and bonds are received in exchange for Northern Pacifics ON MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

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18,000 of these Celebrated Instruments are now in use in this country and Europe. They have been awarded 85 Gold and Silver Medals. Every instrument fully warranted for five years.

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Extra Heavy Gold and Silver Cases always on hand.

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\$32,000.

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Has a porte-cochère entrance; is above ground, with two box-stalls and two of ordinary size.

CARRIAGE-HOUSE ATTACHED.

LOT 25X120 FEET.

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of stitch, durability

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rapidity of motion.

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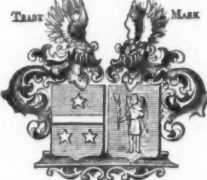
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\$75,000 IN CASH FOR \$1.

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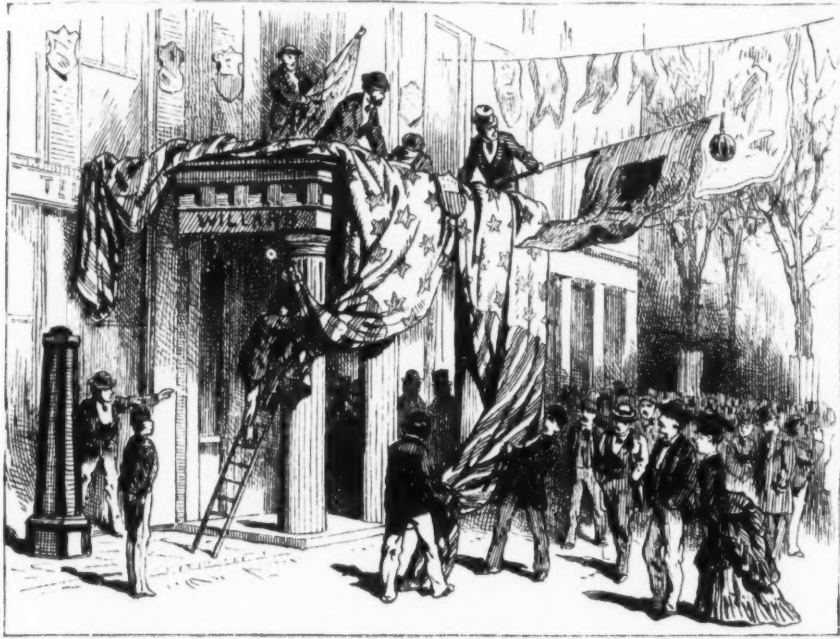
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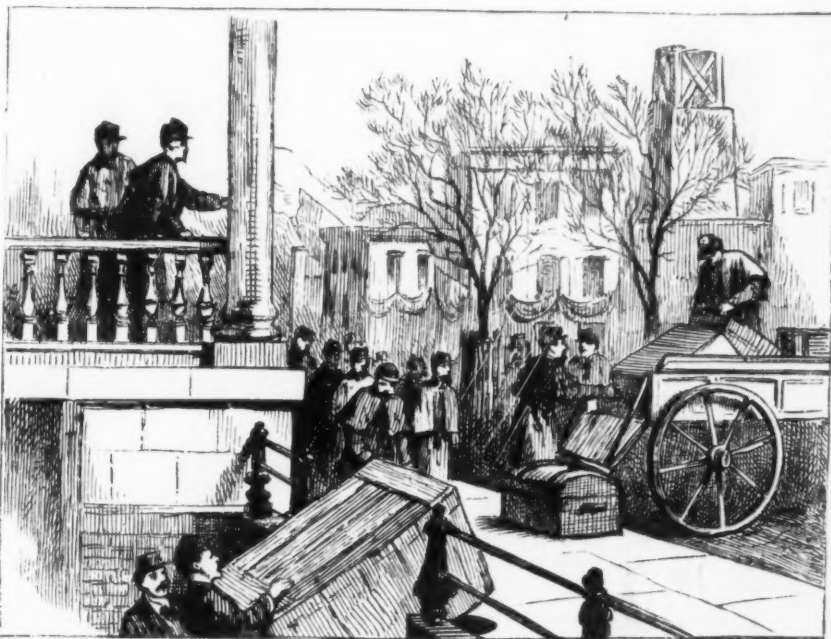


# SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

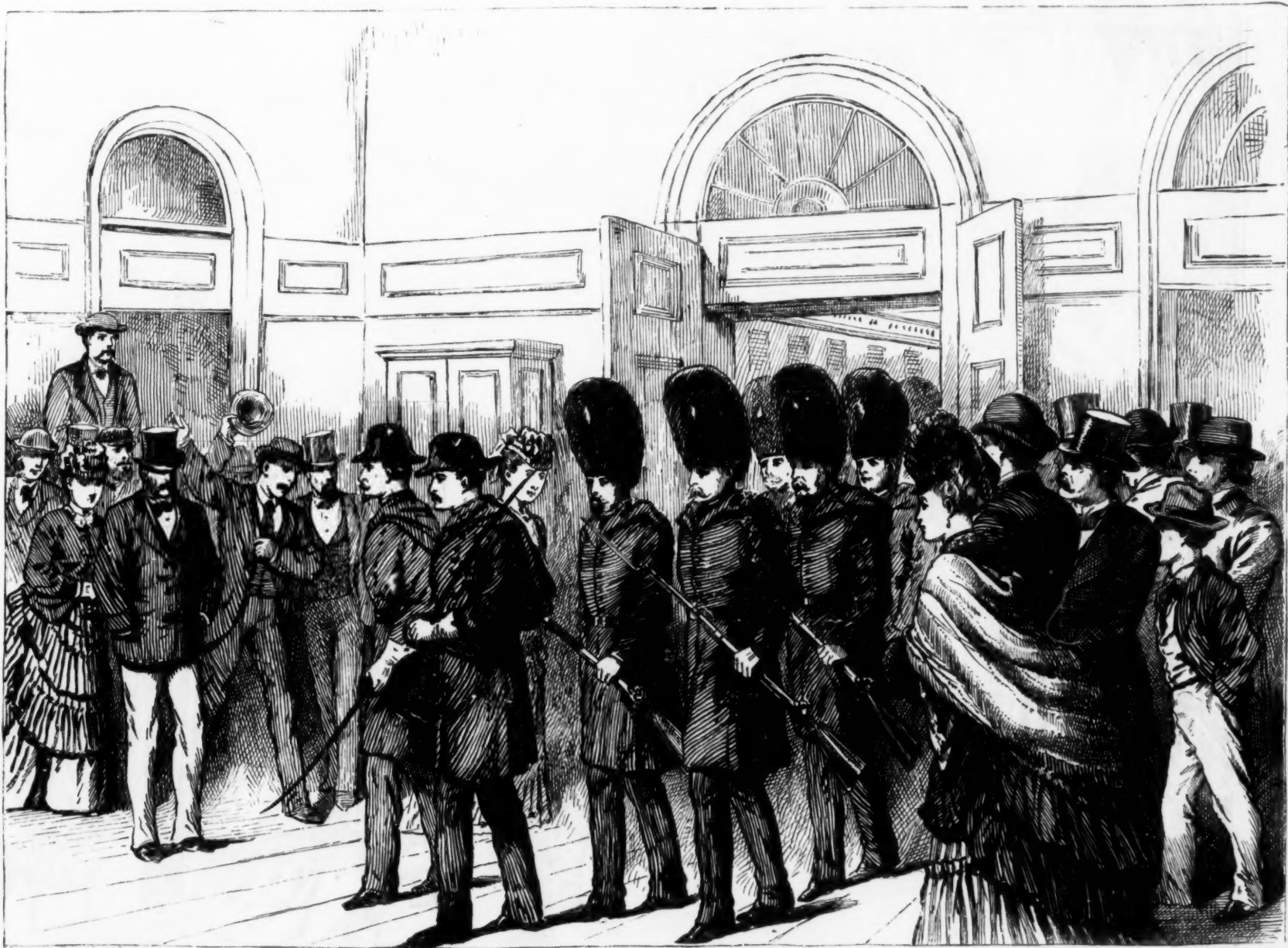
PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY WITH NO. 912 OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION—PUTTING UP THE DECORATIONS AT WILLARD'S.

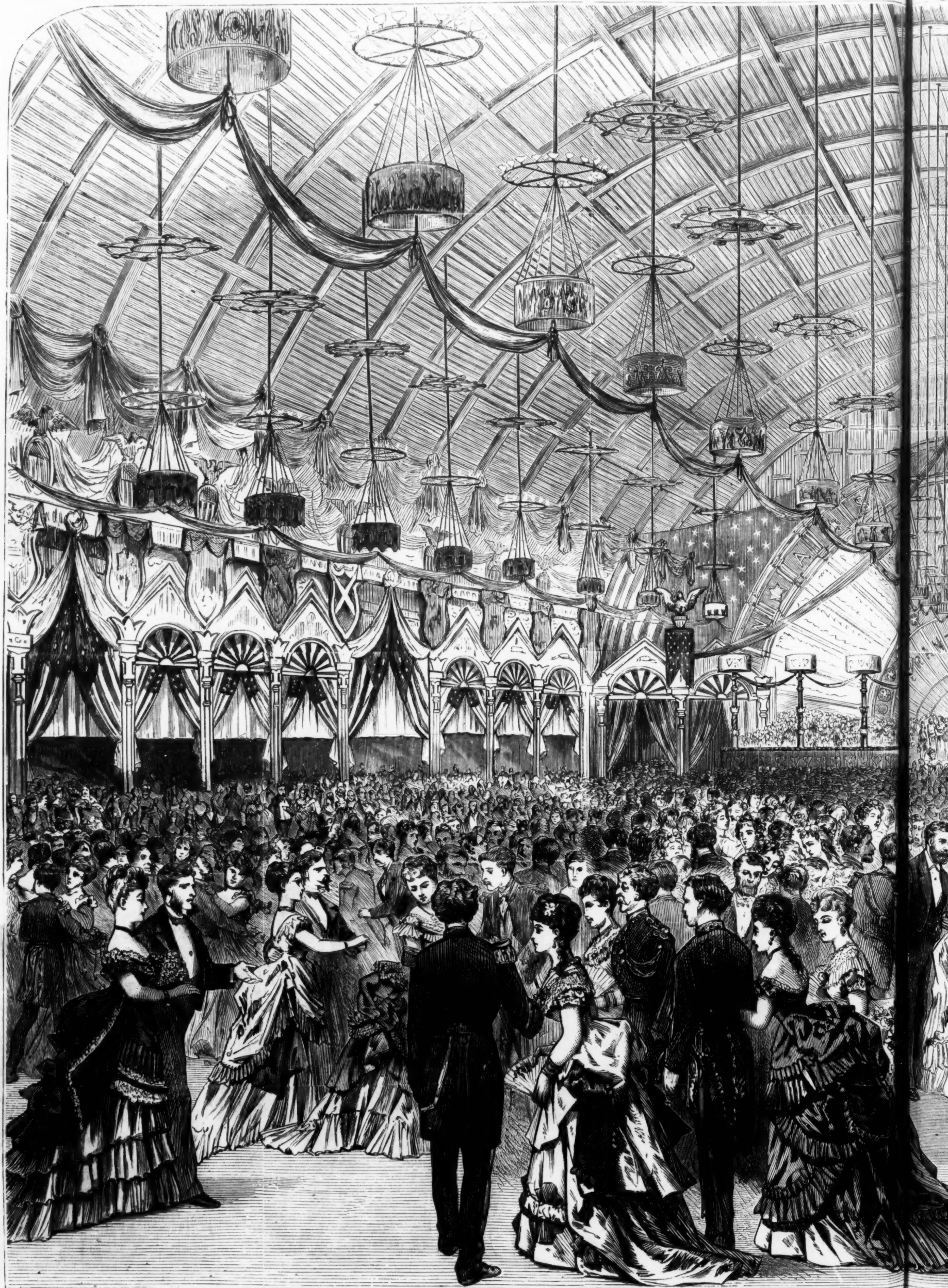


WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION—ARRIVAL OF THE WEST POINT CADETS AT EBBITT'S HOTEL.



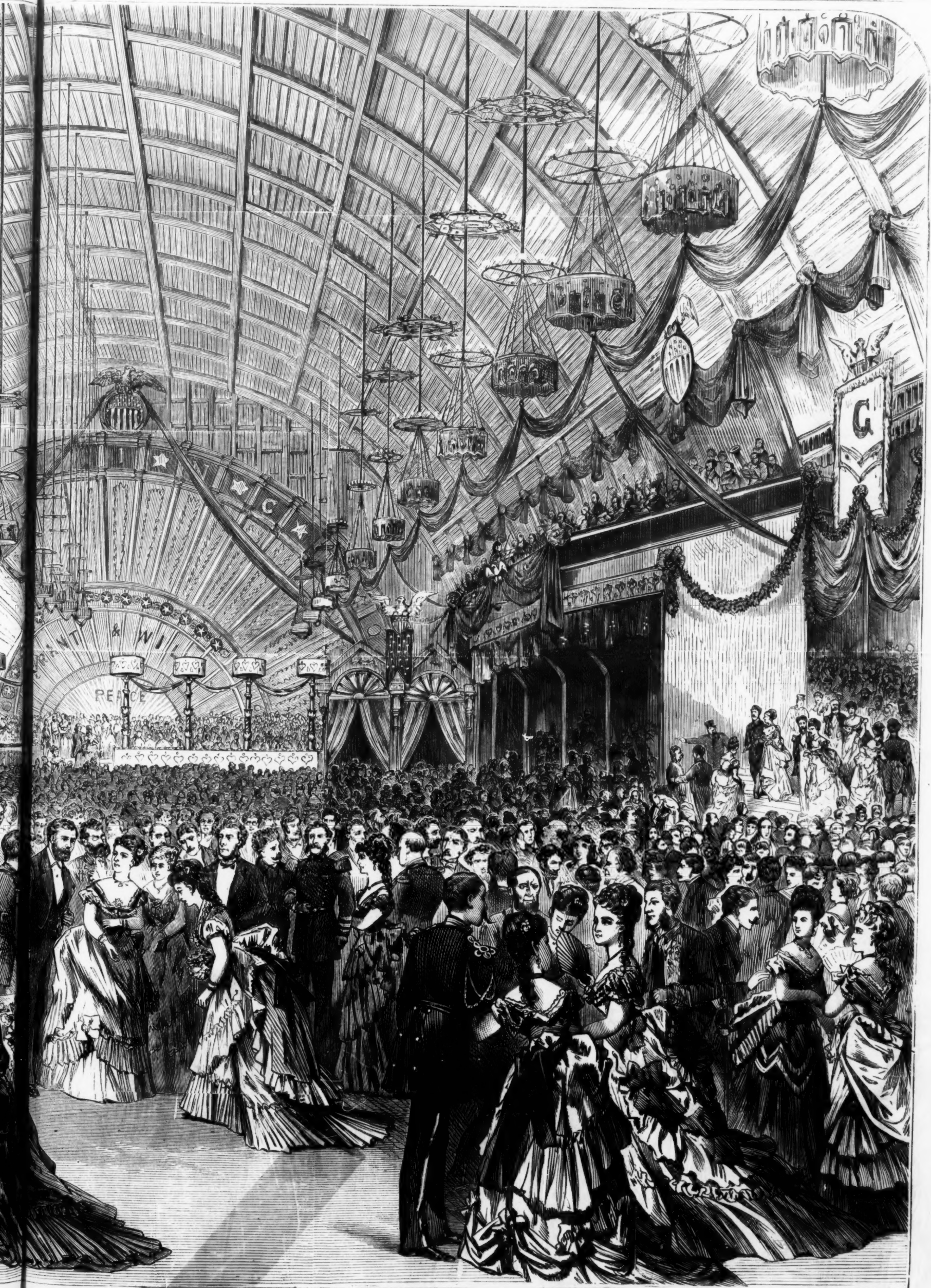
WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION—ARRIVAL OF THE BURGESS CORPS OF ALBANY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 27.





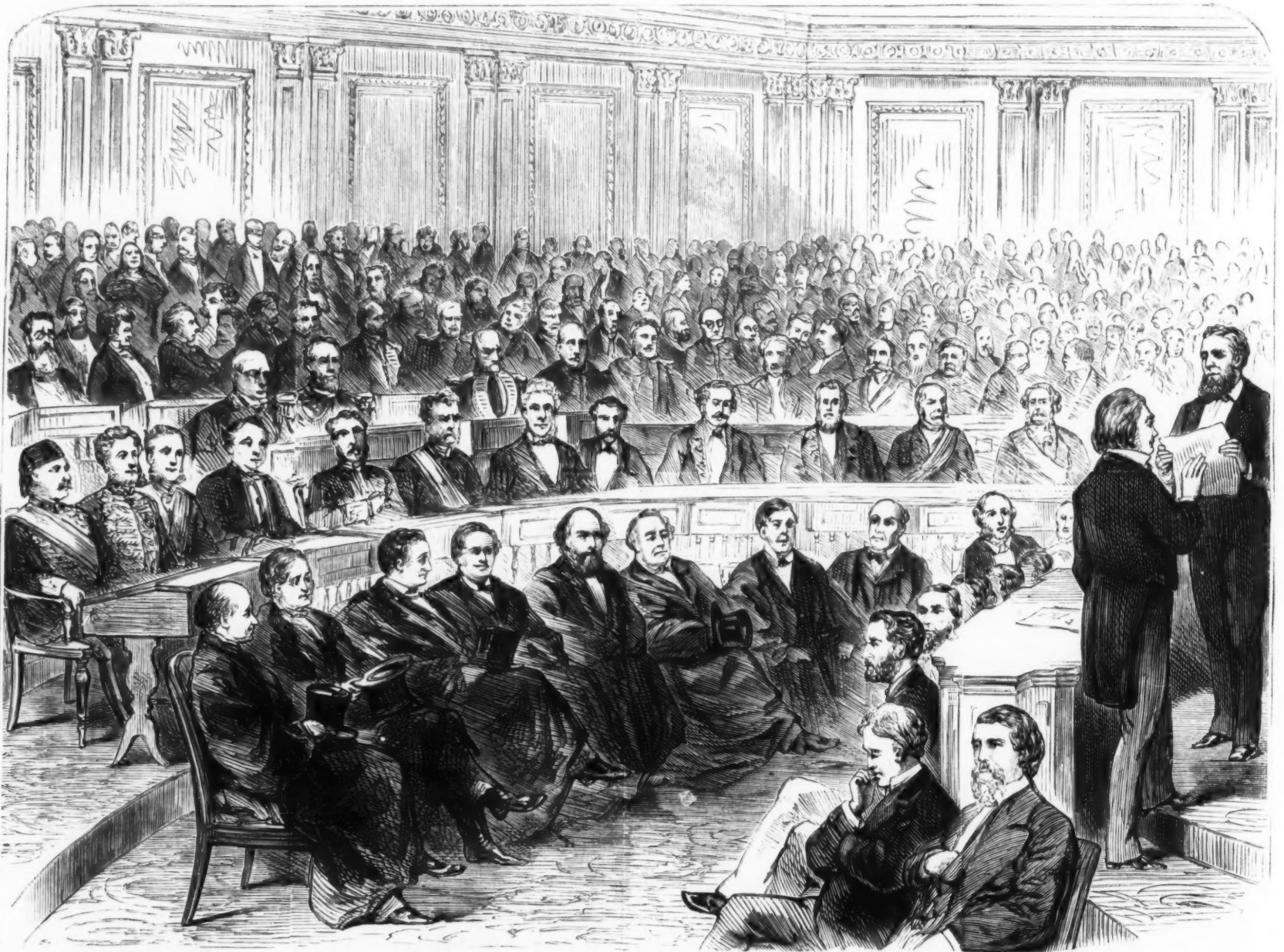
WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE GREAT INAUGURATION BALL ON TUESDAY EVENING THE 4TH  
FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. TAYLOR.—S





ON THE 4TH OF MARCH, IN THE TEMPORARY BUILDING IN JUDICIARY SQUARE.  
JAS. FAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 27.





WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION—SCENE IN THE SENATE CHAMBER AT THE CAPITOL—SWEARING IN THE VICE-PRESIDENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 23.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION—SCENE IN THE SUPPER ROOM—THE OLD GUARD AT THE BALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 23.